Renaud Camus

You Will Not Replace Us!

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to Afchine Davoudi and Francis Marche, with all my gratitude for correcting my English; the remaining mistakes are entirely mine, some have been added at the last minute.

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In the past man has been first; in the future the system must be first.

Frederick W. Taylor,
The Principles of Scientific Management

Replacing is the central gesture of contemporary societies. For better or worse, everything is being replaced by something else: something simpler, more convenient, more practical, easier to produce, more at hand and, of course, cheaper. Las Vegas displays a fake Venice in Nevada, Spain establishes a mock Las Vegas in Castilla, China has its own Paris near Pekin—a much safer place than the real one for the traveller and for the local dweller alike.

Amusement parks, those temples of diversion, the shopping malls of substitution, epitomise fakeness itself, There, visitors will find medieval castles, complete with towers,

dungeons, torture chambers, banquet rooms and ghosts; but also Wild West saloons, New England Victorian mansions, Southern plantations, Eiffel towers to placate all tastes. All these fairground amusement devices have to look more or less like the original thing, though, at least to the unsophisticated eye. If anything, like all imitations, they have to display *more* signs of being what they imitate than the actual object they imitate, which, being the real thing, does not have to provide extra signs or confirming evidence of its identity. Identity, always, is already a way of mourning the thing or the being, a way of acknowledging their loss. Being *identical* is being exactly *like* something or somebody else: that is, *not* being it. Such is precisely the reason why, although I have much sympathy and admiration for them, I am not an "*Identitarian*" (Identitaire). The *Poilus*, the French soldiers of First World War I, were not identitarian. They just were French. If asked what it is to be French, I would answer:

"Not asking (oneself) the question (to oneself). Not wondering about it."

Naturally, imitations are expected to yield a cash return for their investors, or, at least, spare them some expenditures.

As a consequence of mass tourism, the world itself is fast becoming just another amusement park, while the original thing itself, the original town, monument, site, keen as it is to look more like what the tourists expect to find than it would naturally, tends to imitate its imitations, to overact and oversignify its beingness, thus contributing to the covering of the world with eager signs of what *is* less and less—what I call *oversignposting*, the replacement of the thing by its name, by its designation, by an explanation about what it is, or *was*, or would like to be, is one of the major minor problems: it is one of the main causes of general landscape defacing, the disfiguration of the visible space, which is in the momentous process of changing into a universal suburb, the suburb of living.

Faux, simili, imitation, ersatz, simulacrum, copies, counterfeiting, fakes, forgeries, lures, mimics, are the key words of modern

human experience. Stone masonry is being replaced by ferroconcrete, concrete by plaster, marble by chip aggregate, timber by PVC, town and countryside by the universal suburb, earth by cement and tar, seaside by seaside resorts, mountains by ski resorts and ski lifts, paths by hiking trails, nature by land-use planning in expectation of economic spinoffs, real people by B&B hosts, clients by friends, friends by clients, culture by entertainment and the leisure industry, exercise by sport, sport by the Olympic Games, the Olympic Games by big business, business by corruption, corruption by doping, literature by journalism, journalism by information, news by fake news, truth by fallacy, last name by first name, last name and first name by pseudonyms, intimacy by familiarity, hearts by artificial hearts, every part of the body by spare parts, history by ideology, the destiny of nations by plain politics, politics by economics, economics by finance, the experience of looking and living by sociology, sorrow by statistics, residents by tourists, natives by non-natives, Europeans by Africans, White Anglo-Saxons by Afro-Americans and Lati-

nos, mothers by surrogate mothers, men by women, women by inflatable dolls, men and women by robots, robots by robot-like humans, peoples by other peoples and communities, humanity by post-humanity, humanism by transhumanism, man by Undifferentiated Human Matter (UHM).

Democratisation claims to give to everybody what once was the exclusive privilege of the few, and, all in all, one has to admit that it does so, be it travelling, education, or entertainment. To reach that aim, it has to provide and offer cheaper versions of everything—salmon, plane tickets, diplomas, hotel rooms. Hotels are particularly significant in this respect. All over the world there has been a bounty of newly-built, upper-range establishments, most of them displaying four if not five stars, and providing most of the services of a traditional four- if not five-star hotel. They are the real thing, except for the price. Unfortunately, it was the price which was the real real thing. What you pay is what you get. The price was the condition of the reality of a palace hotel, if only because a hi-

gher room rate carried the extra benefit of keeping at bay people like you. If you can afford it, it is not worth it; above all, if you and me can afford it, it is not the real thing. It can't be. The famous statement by Groucho Marx is proven deeper and righter every day, and its author almost as great an economist, philosopher and metaphysician as his more famous namesake:

"I don't care to belong to any club that will have me as a member."

This is exactly like Europe for Africans: what made it desirable for them was that they were not there. They envy an order, a prosperity, a sense of generosity in terms of social benefits and safety nets, the sound functioning of institutions which have been achieved through centuries of nurturing efforts, trials and tribulations, cultural transmission, inheritance, sacrifices and revolutions. What make countries, continents, cultures and civilisations what they are, what we admire or regret, are the people and the elites who have fashioned them and continue to embody their man-made essence. With other peoples,

and other elites, these would be, and indeed *are*, different countries, different continents, other civilisations. Even though that is exactly what a lot of industrial and financial interests would like him to be, man is not, or not quite yet, fortunately, some undifferentiated matter that one can spread indiscriminately, like peanut-butter or Nutella, anywhere on the surface of the Earth. If and when populated with Africans, be they from North Africa or Black Africa, Europe would be just another Africa, with a few interesting ruins as added value. Under such prospect and in such an event, it springs to mind that there is not much point for Africans in undertaking the trip Nevertheless, they still do come. But the moment they reach their target, their reasons for aiming at it dissolve. They are like men who would feel desire for virgins only.

The poor have been fooled by democracy, and even more so by the so-called *democratisation*. They finally have had access to many of the things the rich had hitherto kept out of their reach, but the instant they grasp them those things turned into ashes, by

the very fact that they grasped them. Thus the beauty of the natural world, generally spoilt by mass tourism: suffice is to think of the French Riviera, once so exquisite in the paintings of Renoir or Bonnard, and now so ugly, destroyed and defiled by overpopulation and popularity. But the most relevant case is education. Education is selection, heritage, and inequality—first of all to oneself. Providing college education to everybody is tantamount to not providing anything at all, since the very essence of that particular thing being provided is that it is *not* for everybody. A college degree granted to eighty per cent of the population implies ten times less knowledge and understanding of the world for each graduate than it did when granted to eight per cent only. Or, to turn it the other way, it implies the same degree of knowledge and cultural competency that eighty per cent of the population could claim when no one dreamt of considering it worth a diploma.

I have coined the phrase *Great Replacement* (in French *Grand Remplacement*) to de-

note the brutal change of population which has been taking place in France (and in Europe) since the beginning of the last quarter of the last century; and which has been gaining momentum ever since. The name came to me as I was travelling to write a sort of literary guidebook about the département of l'Hérault, in Languedoc, Southern France, when I discovered that thousand-year-old villages had their population largely transformed, with women wearing the Islamic veil gathering at the 18th-century fountain and other appearing at gothic twin windows. I was accustomed for long to the existence of large modern *banlieues* almost entirely populated by immigrants, but this was an altogether different experience. The name I gave it was probably dictated to me by more or less conscious historical memories of the *Great Upeaval* of the Acadians, in 18th-century Canada. There was nothing strictly deliberate in my choice of words. It is not absolutely apt, and never claimed to be so, because there is no immediate replacement, strictly speaking. The population submitted to mass migration and ethnic submersion is

not being killed or expelled, save for some unfortunate exceptions, which are becoming more and more numerous. The fact remains that entire streets, districts, towns, regions, not to mention schools, which had had for centuries a given population, suddenly have an entirely different one. The face of the country has been transformed to an unimaginable extent. So has its body, and so has its mind, and soul. This brings us back to the immortal question of Georg Lichtenberg: is a knife whose handle has been changed, and then the blade, still the same knife?

Great Replacement, the choice of words proved handy, in any case, because *replacement* and *to replace* have, at least in French, a lot of very convenient derivatives, even if one may have to force them a little into an unheard of existence: *replacers*, *replacists*, *replacees*, *replacism*, *antireplacism*.

In Western Europe the situation could be described as having three protagonists: the *replacists*, who want the change of people and civilisation, which they are prone to call *multiculturalism*, or "*vivre ensemble*" (*living to-*

gether), and which they promote or impose with all the means they master (and those are enormous because replacists are and have the power, the government, all the big political parties, the judges and, for all practical purposes, the totality of the media); the *replacers*, mostly from Africa, and very often Muslims; and the *replacees*, the indigenous population, whose very existence is frequently denied, even in retrospect (not only do they *not* exist, but they have also never existed). Replacees do exist, though, even if they don't see themselves as such. But they are divided into two groups, and that would make the number of the *dramatis personnae* rise to four: *consenting replacees*, either because they refuse to admit that any such thing as replacement is taking place, or because they don't see any objection to it, or think it is an excellent thing; and *unwilling replacees*, the refractory ones, who think the said replacement is an absolute monstrosity, the epitome of what their ancestors had been willing to avoid for centuries, at the cost of any sacrifice.

Fortunately or unfortunately the nemesis of Replacism is that replacists will be eaten, devoured, absorbed, replaced by their very replacers. Replacists replace lambs by wolfs. They replace docile replacees, well prepared to their own replacement by too much comfort, too much civilisation, too little culture and constant propaganda, by rather agressive replacers, younger, more numerous, testosteronically superior, well fed by their replacees and fiercely identitarian (especially the Muslims amongst them). Replacists will be gobbled up first. That is a meagre consolation. But the result of this quick survey is that, when all is said and done, there are only *two* types of characters on the stage; and that the only demarcation line which really matters is the one which separates replacists, active or passive supporters of the Great Replacement, from antireplacists, who would rather die than let the process, well advanced as it is, carry on to its full term.

The population stock of France had experienced little variations in time between what is termed the Great Invasions (by Huns,

Goths, Wisigoths and the like), during the 6th and 7th centuries, and, at the other end of the timeline, the last decades of the 20th century. Indeed what is now referred to as *immigration* is a process that started in the close of the 19th century. But this was immigration of an entirely different character from the one we are now experiencing. For one thing it was entirely European, being composed of Belgians in the north of France, Poles, specially in the eastern and northern parts of the country, Italians in the South, later on Spaniards, Portuguese, Jews fleeing the pogroms of Poland, Ukraine or Russia and, of course, Nazi persecutions later on. Also, the number of newcomers bore no relation whatsoever with those brought in by present day immigration—which, incidentally, renders this term totally obsolete, although it is still very much in use: the flow of migrants has taken such proportions that *immigration* has become a misnomer for what it is: it is more akin to an invasion, a migratory tsunami, a submerging wave of ethnic substitution.

"*Such numbers?* What numbers?" you may ask, to which I could only answer: "I don't know", and further feel very much tempted to add: "And I don't care". I leave it to the reader to decide whether I do not know because I do not care or I do not care because I do not know.

In France, very conveniently for those who want and favour the Great Replacement, the State forbids the calculation and publishing of ethnic statistics. However, even if such statistics were generated and made public, I doubt I would make much use of them.

Firstly, because I do not believe it is for science and scientists to assess and declare what the circumstances are and what plight the people of a given nation is experiencing and suffering from at a given moment. It has never happened that way in history. When Joan of Arc came to Chinon to visit king Charles VII, in 1428, to tell him something had to be done about France being occupied by the English, how could one envision, by any stretch of imagination, the king's retort to be something like this:

"*Occupied by the English*? What allows you to say so? Do you have the exact numbers? Without reliable stats we can't do a damn thing..."?

Can one imagine Jean Moulin, when he became the head of the French Resistance to German occupation on French soil in 1942, requesting scientific evidence to decide whether *German occupation* was the appropriate phrase to describe the situation of France at that moment:

"*German occupation*? Without reliable figures, how can you be sure...?"

It has never been for science to tell whether or not there was an actual Independence War taking place in America in 1776, a French Revolution in 1789, a First World War in 1914, a Great Depression in 1929 and after. Indeed here we are faced with one more case of generic substitution, i.e. science standing as a substitute for experience, as a replacement for facing evidence and coming to terms with it, as an ersatz and palliative for grief over the loss of one's country and one's people:

"Don't cry! Don't be sorry for what you think is happening. Science is telling you it is *not* happening. Do not trust your eyes, do not trust your heart, do not listen to your pain: have only faith in our figures ».

Of course anyone who will refer to Galileo at this stage will have a point, for that is more or less what he was telling the public, and he has been proven right. But I am afraid the disciplines which are being called upon, this time, to testify against our subjective experience, namely *sociology*, *statistics*, *demography*, are not scientific to the same extent as are astronomy and mathematics. What is more, they have been proven inaccurate on countless occasions. There is even some strong suspicion that they might have been not only wrong but also actually lying, with what degree of slyness or forthrightness is not for me to say. In France they have been claiming year after year, in reference to school education, that the general standard of education was continually on the rise, with the surprising result that the school system is nowadays generally acknowledged as being in total

shambles, a crumbling ruin, as college professors have to try and do the teaching job not done in high-school and facing a majority of undergraduate students that are totally incapable of deriving the slightest benefit from higher education (while being totally capable of preventing their fellow students from deriving any).

For ages other sociologists, or the same ones, have been telling the French public there was no connexion whatsoever between immigration and growing crime rates; they even went so far as to pretending that crime rates were not growing at all, and that crime statistics were actually on a downward trend. If those experts were to be believed, rampant crime and delinquency only existed in the public's mind, were a figment of our imagination, a biased point of view, the result of some prejudiced way of experiencing experience. Insecurity was a *perception*, a false impression, a *wrong* feeling (*wrong* in all possible senses of the word: false and evil-inducing, and awkward, and inappropriate, and bad, bad, bad...).

Not only has sociology *not* warned the French and other Europeans of the upcoming biggest commotion in their history, namely mass immigration, ethnic submersion, change of people, *Great Replacement*; it has also continually denied it was taking place during the precise and entire period it was actually being deployed right before their eyes.

The stance taken by the relevant sociologists harks back to Freud's "kettle logic," as quoted by Derrida: accused of having returned a borrowed kettle with a conspicuous hole in it, a man says, firstly, that the kettle was undamaged when he returned it; secondly, that it was already damaged when he borrowed it; and, thirdly, that he had never borrowed it in the first place. On the subject of immigration, sociology in France typically says, or has said, *firstly*, that there is less and less of it, foreigners having been much more numerous in the 1930s, and that it has almost come to an end (of course, millions of foreigners have been granted citizenship—the Great Replacement is complete when there are no foreigners left); *second*, that France has

always been a land for immigration, that foreigners and immigrants have always flooded in, that there is absolutely nothing new happening here that would be worth mentioning; and, *thirdly*, that in any case it is too late now to do anything about it, that the change of people is an obvious and objective fact, that it has been too massive to reverse its course so late in the game and that the most sensible thing to do now is to try and love it, as the novel population, labelled and glorified as *diversity*, is obviously here to stay. If we are not pleased with this new state of affairs, according to which we, the indigenous crowd, are required to integrate into the newfangled multicultural and multiethnic society, well then, we have (so far) full license to leave and go elsewhere to see if we could adjust to a society that would suit us better.

And *that*, this sorry joke, is the "science" on which we should rely to decide whether we are an invaded country or not? *Those* are the scientific disciplines we should resort to know if we are or are not a colonised people? Is not experience, and the result of experi-

ments, the supreme test for scientific truth? If that is so, then sociology, statistics and demography, or at least their courtly avatars, those which prosper in the immediate vicinity and under the close control of the two principal powers—present and future governments in the one hand, the media networks on the other hand—are the modern negationism. Conventional negationism is far from being extinct, unfortunately, but it has been totally superseded by its contemporary avatar, the one which claims that the Great Replacement is not taking place.

One is sorry to observe that this avatar goes about under the name and the mask of science. Such was the prestige of that name, *science*, that it has been usurped by many disciplines hardly more scientific than astrology at the Valois Court or medicine in the time of Molière. It might very well be that the phrase "human sciences" were an aporia or an oxymoron from the start, and that man and humanity resist being reduced to mere metrics. The simultaneous collapse of the religious and literary conceptions of the world

have left society under the wrong impression that science was the ultimate judge of truth, rather than truth being the ultimate judge of science; and more than in anything else they have put their faith in *numbers*, which are precisely what has been mistaken or lying the most. They see science as the ultimate possessor and dispensator of truth. Unfortunately, scientific experts have shown on innumerable occasions that *their* science, at least, was incapable of holding reality in its arms.

I am not criticizing science per se, quite to the contrary I would wish most sciences, particularly "human sciences", were much more scientific, and would constantly correct their numbers by better numbers. Meanwhile, so long as statistics demonstrate that there is no such thing as a Great Replacement, it is not the Great Replacement which becomes laughing stock, it is statistics. Moreover, replacist denyers of replacement may conjure up *real* science on every occasion, they would most likely be appalled and terrified if the hypothetic "scientific truth" would answer their invocation and appear for good

on their ramparts, because it would instantly shatter their world to pieces: not only are authentic scientific findings quite independent from ideologies, they also ignore morals altogether; and, like a robot, they would expose unpleasant truths which would be shear disaster with regard to virtuous and politically correct desiderata.

The narrative according to which France has always been a country of immigration (like, say, the United States) is of course false and preposterous: for about fifteen centuries, the French population has been remarkably stable, at least in its ethnical composition. Then came, as reminded above, immigration proper. But mass migration as it started in the mid-seventies is an entirely distinct phenomenon. There are striking differences between the two migratory trends, not only in their respective orders of magnitude, from thousands to millions of people, but also because immigrants in the late 19th century and during first two-thirds of the 20th century were in their huge majority sharing the Christian faith and more specifically

the Roman Catholic denomination, i.e. the dominant religion, of the French, and practically all of them were of European stock; whilst late 20th-century and 21st-century immigrants have almost all been African and more often than not Muslim. Their African culture and Mahometanism make it a much stronger challenge for them to become integrated into French culture and civilisation, all the more so because most of them show no desire whatsoever to achieve any such integration, whether as individuals or communities.

Where integration is the matter, quantity, as always, is of the essence. France, in the course of its history, has always splendidly integrated individuals—Mazarin, Lully, Zola, Gambetta, Marie Curie, Beckett, Ionesco, Cioran and the like, who have played a prominent role in its politics and culture; and many others, less famous ones, who have become excellent Frenchmen and women and may have begotten equally excellent new generations of French nationals. It is a different matter altogether to integrate *peoples*, *consti-*

tuted peoples, with their own culture, civilisation, ways of life and Weltanschauung, which they have no wish to relinquish. And why should they, since they are numerous enough to create their own communities, use their own languages, pray their own gods, have their own manners of dressing, eating, loving, dwelling, working and behaving as citizens? The word *integration* has been abandoned, for all practical purposes. And for a good reason: if it were to apply to anyone these days, it should be to the indigenous population, the native French, summoned to join in a new multicultural and multiethnic society of which they are regarded only as one portion, not necessarily the dominant one.

Whichever way we look at the problem, the fact remains that one people had a country which it could call its own, and so it did; and now it has to share it with other peoples, not particularly friendly ones, and who look like they will in turn call it their own, as soon as they are able to muster enough strength and host enough force to put their claim on it. In any other country, and at any other

time in history, those responsible for this loss and humiliation would be indicted as traitors. The word seems to have gone out of fashion—one would not know what to betray.

The claim that France has always been a land of immigration, along with the ancillary claim that French culture and French art are for the most part the creation of foreign artists—whilst in truth foreign artists flooded into France, especially at the end of 19th century and the beginning of 20th century, because of the international prestige of its own art and culture—, is but one and the first of a series of very powerful historiographical myths which flourish as the change of people is accelerating, to make it easier to accept, or more difficult to refuse, by the French natives, its victims. The second of those myths, also a very popular one, and not only among immigrants and their descendants, propounds that France, during the Second World War, was liberated from the Germans by Northern and Central Africans soldiers coming from its then African Empire, and recruited by the Free French. A very

popular film entitled *Indigènes*, one of many a motion pictures or television programmes incessantly produced to persuade the French to accept colonisation and ethnic substitution, was released with the ostentatious purpose to narrate that historical episode. Yet, as everyone knows, France was liberated mostly, and famously, by the American troops landing on the Normandy coast on June 6th, 1944 with a good number of Englishmen and some soldiers coming from every part of the British Empire. There was also, a few weeks later, a landing in Provence, with French troops coming from North Africa who had progressed along Italy with the Allies and liberated Corsica on their way. About one third of these forces was made up of soldiers from the regular French Army, another (big) third of Frenchmen from North Africa, later known as "Pieds Noirs" (*Black Feet*), and indeed one third of "indigenes" troops, also from North Africa, specially Morocco.

I have no intention whatsoever to minimise the contribution of the latter in that second military landing. These were valiant

soldiers who had played a significant role in the liberation of Corsica and Provence. One should be very grateful to them, honour their memory and pay special respect to the graves of those who lost their lives in action. There is no lack of respect, however, in reminding the reader that the South-Eastern front, at that point of history, was, although important, relatively secondary; and that those "indigenes" troops (whose most conspicuous feature was precisely that they were not indigenous in Metropolitan France) were only a minority amongst the French troops progressing on that front, which themselves were not the essential part of the liberating forces. They can only be described as valuable auxiliaries to victory. Yet one cannot fail to recall, although many historians have been remarkably mute on the subject, that many of those brave sodiers, especially the Moroccans, have left behind themselves in Italy an infamous trail of barbarism and rape, the *marocchinate* —echoes of that terrible episode appear in the film by Vittorio De Sica, *La Ciociaria*, after the novel of Alberto Moravia, and also in the book of Malaparte, *La*

Pelle, The Skin. But in France those atrocities perpetrated on the way, which have severely traumatised Italians to this day, and which, in an other, less favourable context, would have been listed amongst the worst war crimes in history, are hardly ever mentioned: first the people who committed them were on the right side of the giant fight between Good and Evil; and subsequently it would be considered racist, and very ungrateful, to investigate that matter or give it too much significance. There are tides of fashion and shifting favours, in matter of atrocities and genocides. The present-day sufferings of white South-Africans farmers are not, either, of the type which arouses compassion or interest from international opinion.

A third historiographical myth is that immigrants, especially those from North Africa, and more especially those from Algeria, "reconstructed" France after the disaster of the Second World War. This representation too, needless to say, is sheer fancy. Mass migration only started in the mid-seventies of 20th century. By then the "reconstructuion"

of France had been achieved for some time. It had been formally declared completed by 1960. Of course a few early immigrants had taken part in the post-war reconstruction effort, but they were not numerous enough, far from that, to be the parents or grandparents of the millions of present-day immigrants. Besides those few workers did not work for free, they were paid, obviously, and it is certainly not common practice for labourers or artisans who have received a salary or a compensation as workers employed in the construction or reconstruction of a building, office tower in Niort or antique farmhouse in Normandy, to claim afterwards that the property is theirs, or partly theirs, on the dubious grounds that they have worked on it. If Algerians had been so efficient in rebuilding France, how could one explain that in independent Algeria they have performed so poorly and appear, even with high-level national oil-revenue, sorely incapable of managing their own country and maintaining the infrastructures that the hated coloniser had left behind with them?

Hated the former coloniser certainly is, but this hatred seems largely engineered, an artifact whose manifestation has long been delayed with regard to its assumed cause, and which is taking on a fiercer expression now than ever before. If this hatred were sincere and justified by tangible offences inflicted, how could one account for the millions of Africans, from both North and South of the Sahara Desert, who appear to nurture no plan more dearly and cherish no higher ambition than to come to France and live with the French? Algerian President Abdelaziz Bouteflika, who is wont to conjure up the "genocide" supposedly committed by France in Algeria during the colonial era (a "genocide" which has multiplied the population by twenty...), rushes to French hospitals whenever he feels unwell or fancies himself the victim of a dreaded medical condition. Can one imagine the Jews deciding, after the Holocaust, that it was in Germany and with the Germans that they most wanted to live? Or families of Nazi concentration camps victims dashing to Brazil or Paraguay, after the war, firmly convinced that only doctor Men-

gele was good enough to take charge of their health?

Their real opinion of what French and European colonialism was about, Africans express it with their feet, as they run to France and to Europe to settle down here with the French and the Europeans as soon as they think an opportunity turns up. They think they are rushing to paradise, at least by comparison. They are running into a wall of illusions, as what made Europe so desirable for them was, as I mentioned before, the simple fact that they were not there. As soon as they are present in sufficient numbers, Europe is lost for Europeans, because they are being replaced, and lost for the Africans, because it becomes just another Africa, plagued with the same kinds of problems, be they religious, political, or connected with the general challenge brought about by disparate communities having to put up with each other in one place. For them the whole Europe continent is like one of those fabled alchemical treaties where the text on each page vanishes as soon as the book is opened at it.

When I say, and I say this very forthrightly and repeatedly, that France and Europe are much more colonised by Africa, these days, than they ever colonised it themselves, Europeans perfectly understand this notion, even when they happen to disagree with the assertion. Africans, on the other hand, and people of African descent, do not understand it at all. They are indignant, flabbergasted, doubtful of what they have just heard or read from me; but above all they do not grasp the meaning of it all. Their response seldom varies. It usually consists in drawing the long list of Europeans crimes allegedly committed in Africa during the colonial period and to put forward the question: how on earth can one compare such atrocities with Africans' behaviour in Europe? As this is not the point I want to raise in the argument, I usually do not bother to dispute the contents of such list, but I would rather draw the reader's attention here to the flawed logic of their rebuttal. When I say that Europe is much more colonised by Africa than it ever colonised it, I don't mean for a second that Africans in Europe do commit more crimes

than Europeans ever did in Africa. That is not my point at all. My point is that the African colonisation of Europe is worse and more severe than European colonisation of Africa as it involves *demographic change*, and because it proceeds by massive transfers of population whose aim is to settle down in the target continent—in short, *African colonialism in Europe falls within the category of "Settler Colonialism"*. Since the Antiquity, Greece and Magna Græcia, transfers of population have been the very essence of colonialism. Greek cities established population settlements in Sicily or Southern Italy by sending off a portion of their populations abroad, sometimes more than half of them, to gain a foothold on a distant land. In that classical sense of the word, France hardly ever colonised or settled any territories: it did so in Canada during the 17th and 18th centuries, in Algeria in the 19th. Everywhere else, in Indochina, intertropical Africa and even Morocco and Tunisia, it *conquered* territories more than it ever established communities of settlers.

Africans in France are at least ten times more numerous these days than were the French in Africa during the heyday of French imperialism. In the phrase *Colonial Empire* (*l'Empire colonial*), the key word is Empire. The conquest was military, administrative, political, cultural and economic by nature, but not implemented through any major influx of alien population. I am not focusing on this particular point to make the whole imperialist undertaking look more benign than it was. That is not at all the issue here: benign or innocent it was not. However, this type of colonialism, developed in a political framework, is much easier to end by either party than settler colonialism. A military conquest can be reversed overnight—all that is required is for the conqueror's armies to withdraw. If a colonising power only keeps in its colony a few or many soldiers, some police force, civil servants, a handful of industrialists and shop-keepers, it can pack and leave the colony within a few weeks or days. The colonial period is then declared over, and over it is, even though remnants of colonial structures might persist for a while.

Population swamping or "demographic invasion" is a different matter entirely. It undermines the very identity of the nation or the people targeted by the swamping. The major threat associated with it is that it might very well be irreversible. The sole method emerging to put an end to the process and do away with settler colonialism is *remigration*, i.e. the departure of the occupying forces, made up of settler communities. The very same observers who view the remigration idea as an unfeasible programme and impossible feat to achieve argue that in the coming years Europe will need forty million newcomers, and they sometimes go as far as raising this figure to two hundred million. If such a huge number of people coming to Europe from Africa and Asia is regarded by them as a realistic proposal; if they see no practical and human issues with such mass migration, while believing this would be a good thing for all parties concerned, then this begs the question why a lesser migratory flow going in the opposite direction, conducted in an orderly way and facilitated not by smugglers but res-

ponsible governments, would have to be such a disaster.

There have been many remigrations throughout history, Zionism included, but the one most narrowly linked to French history is the forced remigration of the French population of Algeria after that country gained independence from France in 1962. The government of the newly independent Algeria believed—and the so-called "concert of nations" shared this view, and made no serious objection to it—that the country would not be as free as it should if it kept within its population ten per cent of people having an entirely different background, race, religion, culture and civilization in relation to the dominant profile of Algerian citizenry. The French had to go, although many of them had been there for five or six generations, since the beginning of the French conquest in 1830; and with them people from Spanish stock or Italian origin, and of course the Jews, although many of them had lived on the land for a much longer period of time than either the French or the Arabs.

As Europeans became unwanted citizens in Algeria, they were prompted to leave the country at very short notice; and they were shown the exit door, or rather the sea, with stupefying violence, a large number of them losing their lives in the process, as did thousands of doomed "harkis", those Arab and Berberian soldiers who had made the mistake of taking sides with the French during the conflict, on the trusted promise their French counterparts would never leave the country but honour their commitment to provide protection against the enemy. Those 1962 massacres also belong to that category of mass crimes which do not seem to draw much interest either from historians or the general public. The victims could expect very little sympathy and the perpetrators did not have to worry much about any public outcry their action might raise either. Needless to say the peace convention, signed at Evian in March 1962, had made no provision for such hasty mass deportation, and certainly not for such bloodshed. What the treaty offered was a peaceful cohabitation between the different communities, namely the French (to

which the Italians, Spaniards and local Jews were assimilated) and the Arabs (to which the Berbers were rather abusively assimilated). This was the very combination which, for better or worse, had functioned for one hundred and thirty years under French administration, albeit on a very unequal basis; and this finely-tuned arrangement tragically collapsed within a handful of weeks under new Arab rule.

To-date, people from Algeria, whether holding French nationality or not, have been by far the largest immigrant community in France. Algeria, on the other hand, stands out as a very telling model for its way to deal with immigration and land-settling alien communities. The Algerian State is extremely strict in its refusal to accept migrants on its own territory, and Sub-Saharians Africans who have succeeded in illegally crossing Algerian borders are famously driven back where they came from in a rather abrupt fashion. And, as we have just described, alien settlers in Algeria, even after a long stay, much longer indeed than the stay of

their present day counterparts in France, were coerced most ruthlessly and effectively, in 1962, into getting back to their land of origin—France, as it was. Indeed the Algerian State is a world expert on its own right when it comes to implementing remigration policies. Which is just as well since a significant proportion of the people who will have to be remigrated from France, if our own liberation is ever to occur, as I certainly hope it will, are precisely from Algeria. Far from me to advocate, of course, that we should emulate the extreme brutality of the Algerian way to proceed, on such matters. A good opportunity it will be, quite to the contrary, to show the difference between civilisations.

Without remigration there will be no liberation. Liberation (of conquered land, occupied country, colonized people) and remigration (of the conqueror, occupying forces, colonialist settlers) are one and the same thing. There are four main types of precedents to the present-day situation of Western European countries and, as those four provide precious templates for resistance and

struggle for independence, at least three of them evidently imply that alien forces, inasmuch as they assert their own dominating power over a given national society, and, by definition, a *foreign* power, will have to leave if the land and its native folks are to live free and resume the course of their independent destiny.

The earliest and foremost type of foreign occupation template, and model for liberation struggle, is provided by those European countries which in the 19th century had to strive to regain their independence from imperial domination or conquering neighbour countries: Greece, Belgium, Italy, Poland, Hungary, Serbia, Romania, Bulgaria, and, of course, Ireland. If we were to transcend the limits of Europe and the 19th century we could add the United States to this short, incomplete list; however the case of the American War of Independence is slightly at odds with these since the English enemies of American Insurgents were not ethnically or culturally different: combatants from both sides were of the same population stock

—this conflict was more like a civil war than a war to put an end to colonial oppression by a power entirely foreign to the oppressed.

The prospect of a full-blown civil war is increasingly conjured up as the most likely outcome from the current circumstances prevailing and unfolding in France and several other countries of Europe. *Living together*, the infamous *vivre ensemble* ("between *living* and *together*, one has to make a choice..."), is showing every day more clearly its totally illusory character.

There is no living together but permanent aggressiveness and repeated aggressions, violence, recurring massacres, terrorist acts, series of minor offenses and large-scale attacks which can be denoted by the encompassing term I have coined: *nocence*, i.e. the contrary of *in*-nocence, or, to be more specific, that to which in-nocence is the exact opposite. Obviously, in language, and probably in time, chronology, logic, psychology, *nocence*, nuisance, the action of doing harm, of being harmful, comes first, is the primeval

concept, with in-nocence being its opposite, a way to oppose it, to gain control over it.

I went through lots of trouble, and was more than once arraigned before the courts, because of a 2010 conference, or public speech, oddly entitled, I have to admit, "Nocence, the instrument of the Great Replacement" ("*La nocence, instrument du Grand Remplacement*"). In that speech I was answering those who claim there is no conquest, no colonisation, no subjection, because there have been no military aggression, no conquering army, no invading soldiers. But there have been—*there are*. *Delinquents* are the soldiers. *Nocence* is the ways and means of the present colonisation. By making life impossible or an unbearable ordeal to the indigenous people, be it through what has been ridiculously dubbed "incivilities" by the media, aggressive gazes, overbearing posturing to force passers-by down from the sidewalk, night time racket in public places, obnoxious and abusive loitering in entrance halls or staircases of residential buildings, rumbustious car or motorcycle stunts, feet on seat

in public transport, emphatic demonstrations of civic indifference and lack of consideration for the peace and comfort of the ordinary citizen, the creation in the citizenry of a general feeling of fear, insecurity, dispossession and estrangement; or through criminal actions of more standard categories such as stealing an old lady's handbag, violent car-jacking or home-jacking, bank mugging and the like, unprecedented forms of hyper-violence up to full-blown terrorist acts and massacres, the delinquents amongst the newcomers, of which they constitute a surprisingly high proportion, trigger the aptly called *White Flight* and in the process secure under their rule additional chunks of territory for themselves, their kin and partners in crime. There is no identifiable gap between their common law offences and their politically or religiously motivated crimes in the series of their actions targeting society. Every convicted terrorist, virtually without exception, started his career as small-time delinquent, drug pusher, mugger or bank robber. The colonialist conquest of today has indeed assumed unprecedented forms, but it would be mistaken to claim this

is not conquering as such and not a settler-colonialist process on the misguided assumption it is not being driven by aggression. It is indeed aggressive to the extreme. Its aggressiveness lies in the hundreds individual assaults that are being perpetrated. And these are increasingly military-like in style in the most conventional sense of the word. This new breed of colonialist settlers keeps weapons in sizable stocks. And many of them have no qualms attacking police stations using the types of weaponry that are commonly used in open warfare.

Whoever will start this impending conflict, in any case, it will have nothing to do with a so-called "civil war". A civil war tears across the fabric of one nation, a single people. In France today, as in most countries in Western Europe, there is not just one people. Claiming it otherwise is just a "hermogenian" (*see infra*), nominalistic, legalist, "republicanistic" (in France) delusion. There are the conquerors and the conquered, the colonisers and the colonised, the occupiers and the occupied. And whatever the number

of traitors and collaborators (of the occupying forces), a liberation war, an anti-colonial war, will never be a civil war.

People who do not want the term *colonisation* to be used to name the present demographic submersion of France and Europe do not want the word *occupation* to gain currency either. *Occupation* is indeed a particularly strong and evocative word in French language since its use without any attribute or qualifier refers to the German occupation of France between 1940 and 1945. People have been heavily sentenced for having dared to make comparisons between what I call the *First Occupation* (1940-1945) and the *Second Occupation* (1975-....)—*Les Trente Glorieuses*, *The Thirty Glorious* (Years), after the title of a famous book by Jean Fourastié, being the metaphoric name used to denote the economically buoyant and prosperous period wedged between these two Occupations.

Those who object to the term *occupation*, or to the phrase *Second Occupation*, raise the

same objection as with the term *colonisation*—the lack of military presence. We have just seen what to think of that. It is also very important to note and remember that the occupying forces are forty to fifty times more numerous now than they were then, at the time of the *First* Occupation. And the objection that these forces do not wear a uniform is not valid either—although they tend to have it worn by their women, whose veils, niqabs and burqas are of the utmost importance, in the current war of conquest, as a means for staking the territories already conquered, deploying outposts on the maps, and lowering the morale of conquered populations by confronting them on a daily basis with the distressing display of their fast progress to submission.

Of course there is no Gestapo, this time, no prisons or camps for the opponents to the foreign presence, no acts of torture conducted in basements—although the young Jewish merchant Ilan Halimi was in fact tortured in a basement for weeks, and left

dying afterward because he was Jewish, hence rich, according to his tormentors; and basements have been known to be the venue of choice for notorious gang rapes. Besides, although we have no Gestapo we have terrorism, which has already killed hundreds of citizens. But, to tell the truth, I have strong doubts as to whether the word *terrorism* is really adequate to describe the situation.

Just as I believe, as mentioned earlier, that mass delinquency of foreign origin is not to be treated as a purely criminal or a mere issue for the judiciary, a matter for police officers and judges to deal with, but has all the features of a political, historical and military confrontation between peoples, nations and civilisations, with some communities engaged in the process of conquering one or several others (and precisely so by means of crime and breach of peace), I am also inclined to think that labelling regular mass murders *terrorism* is misleading (and often deliberately so), as this approach places us under the false impression that mass murderers are but overexcited individuals who are basically isolated

or, at worst, who are members of small extremist groups which could be isolated from an overall historical process and from the general citizenry.

This is the standard vision, upheld and ubiquitous in collaborationist circles, i.e. that of the *tiny minority* (of "radicals") with its inevitable counterpart —the *huge majority* (of perfectly "integrated" good citizens). I do not doubt for a moment that "well-integrated" foreigners or ex-foreigners do exist; but I believe a clearer picture of the general situation would show that the so-called "terrorists" are nothing but the ultra-aggressive spearhead of a conquering force and a conquering people, who are already occupying the land. Under this approach, singularly differing from the standard vision, *there are no terrorists*. There is the occupying army of a conquering people which, once in a while, *when in the mood* so to speak, captures and executes a few hostages as all occupying and conquering forces have always done.

While there are, admittedly, many differences between the two recent occupations

of France —the shorter German one in the 1940s and the longer African one of the past forty years —, the two Collaborations serving the respective occupant forces are perfect look-alikes. I must admit a long-standing reluctance to use the term *collaboration* to label the succeeding Governments of France in modern and current time, but that was precisely because of the marked differences between the two occupations. Placing side by side the two periods and naming them by one identical name but different ordinal numbers somehow smacked of the grotesque and appeared grossly exaggerated. The present occupants are no Nazis, although they frequently belong to Islam, a rather systemic, all-embracing faith and totalistic if not totalitarian civilization, not particularly amenable to the Jews, and with a past of close friendship with Hitler and the Nazis. However it soon became clear that as far as the term *collaboration* was concerned, it appeared to be decidedly legitimate and appropriate to refer to the successive French governments which, after the Vichy government during the previous occupation, constantly displayed a typi-

cal eagerness to anticipate and meet the Occupants' wishes and whims half-way and never failed to pander to them against their own people's interests in any conflict arising between the interests of the occupying force and the occupied people, the conquerors and the conquered.

Collaboration does not apply to the actions of ruling governments only. The term would be equally appropriate when commenting the role of the media or the judicial system. Suffice it to consider the huge difference in media treatment given to the odd, immaterial attack on a mosque (such as the throwing of lumps of pork meat on its threshold) on the one hand and the countless cases of Christian church desecration on the other. Those who profane Catholic places of worship are hardly ever referred to in the media, arrested by police, prosecuted or seriously sentenced; whilst the young men and women from the Generation Identity Group who, in 2012, by way of protest, unfolded a banner on the rooftop of the unfinished and not-yet-consecrated Great Mosque of Poi-

tiers (a highly emblematic site since Poitiers is where the invading Muslim forces were stopped by Charles Martel in 732) have been prosecuted and very heavily sentenced. Non-Europeans youngsters by the thousands can post horrible and very disturbing messages on Twitter or Facebook about European or White people in general without the slightest threat to have their social network accounts suspended or be interrogated by the police; while opponents to mass migration, this author prominently included among them, are the permanent target of the most finicky censorship. Any word deemed "wrong" or inappropriate, often mistakenly so, can cause the suspension or termination of their social network accounts or their arraignment to Court, where they are dealt with as dangerous criminals. Not only is Western Civilisation the first in history to drain its own resources to make sure its own colonisation is duly complete, it is also the first one to be all leniency for those who want its eradication while it relentlessly persecutes those who put up efforts to defend it and work for its salvation.

It is rather ironic and somehow amusing that present-day collaborationists—who are at the very least instrumental to invasion, foreign occupation, ethnic substitution—tend to view and are prone to portray present-day resistance fighters, dissidents and the skeptics, as carrying the political legacy of old days' collaborationists, if not as the contemporary avatars of Nazism, while they fancy themselves, God only knows by what extraordinary feat of transmogrification, as reincarnations of members of the French Resistance to the First Occupation, and the standard-bearers of the very spirit of Resistance. This audacious, x-shaped, double accusatory reversal system, placing high on low and right on left, is what I call the political *chiasma*: it is of course made much easier, for replacists, by the occasional and (from an anti-replacist point of view) disastrous presence, in anti-remplacist street marches and demonstrations, of actual neo-Nazi activists, anti-Semites, white supremacists and the like: these are indeed so precious for the replacists and their media that the presence of these activists in these events

is commonly blown out to insane proportions, making them the focus of public attention through camera lenses and even, in a few cases, possibly forging their very participation.

While the term *collaboration* as applied to our own rulers has long been unseemly to me, before seeming, alas, adequate, it appears to have become weak and insufficient to embrace the process now taking place. *Collaboration* is the proper term denoting a situation where the government of an invaded or occupied country, having admitted defeat, applies its best efforts to befriend the invader, usually with little success (quite simply because the invader despises him, as any replacer despises a replacist). But such is only partially the case in France and Western Europe. Governments do try to befriend the invaders and are indeed despised by them; but while they do admit defeat, they do not call it so, and neither do they call the invaders *invaders* —they call them *refugees*, or *migrants*. Most importantly, and that is why they are not *collaborators* after all, or not only so, they are

not just trying to make the best of a difficult situation, as former collaborationist governments used to do. They are the prime responsible agents of the process leading to this sorry state of affairs, fast turning into a tragedy; their role and responsibility are no less than the invaders', who are only rushing through an open door into an open store, an open continent, an inviting Paradise, which they are promptly changing into a living Hell.

Governments—and not only governments: the Press, the media, intellectuals, judges—are not only coping with this sas conjoncture, as mere collaborators would. They have created it, either because they think it is right, because they think it is unavoidable, or because they have construed it as an instrument serving their own interest. And most likely they think it is right because they feel (wrongly, in the long run, as we shall probably see) that it is *both* unavoidable and in their interest. They are not collaborators, they are perpetrators (of the crime of ethnic substitution). And such, and so tragic, is the situation in Europe today, as the

continent is given over to invasion, chaos, islamisation and that worst of all genetic manipulations, the change of people, that all the words which try and describe what is happening evolve through the same three phases as *collaboration*, *occupation* or *colonisation* went through: at first they seem widely exaggerated, then they appear sadly adequate, and finally they prove sorely understated, embarrassingly inferior to the reality of the horror, guilt and grief they are purported to denote.

At any rate, while the fighters for the independance of oppressed nations, United States of America, Venezuela, Columbia, Argentine, Greece, Poland, Hungary, Italy, etc., are, in chronological order, the first models for revolt against the present state of Europe and Northern America facing invasion from the rest of the world, those who next come to mind are the Resistants fighters who confronted German and Nazi occupation and domestic collaboration governments, such as the Vichy State in France; they are closer to us, and more familiar. Resistance, be it the interior resistance led by Jean Moulin or the

all-over Resistance initiated by Charles de Gaulle—or that of Winston Churchill, for that matter, even though, for Churchill, and largely thanks to him, invasion was only a *threat*, albeit a deadly one —, is indeed the central concept. And de Gaulle, at least in the eyes of a Frenchman, is the central figure of it: not only because he was in 1940 the very incarnation of a big refusal, the refusal by a nation to lose its honour and disappear, but because his very conception of France remains a perfectly valid standpoint for resisting the present situation of invasion, and ethnic substitution:

"It is all very good that there are French people who are yellow, French people who are black, French people who are brown. They show that France is open to all the races and that it has a universal vocation. But this is only as long as they remain a small minority. Otherwise, France would not be France anymore. When all is said and done, we are a European people of white race, Greek and Latin culture, and Christian religion. One should not louse touch with reality! The Muslims,

have you gone and see them? Have you really looked at them, with their turbans and djellabas? It is easy to see than they are not French. Those who advocate integration, even if they are very knowledgeable, have the brains of a hummingbird. Just try and mix oil and vinegar. Shake the bottle. After a while they will separate again. Arabs are Arabs, French people are French people. Do you seriously believe that the French body can absorb ten million Muslims, who will be twenty million tomorrow and forty million the day after tomorrow? Were we to integrate them, if all the Arabs and Berbers in Algeria were to be considered as Frenchmen, how would we prevent them from coming and settling in the motherland, where the standard of living is so much higher? My village would no longer be called Colombey-the-Two-Churches but Colombey-the-Two-Mosques" [1]!

It is highly ironical to note that in the thought experiment where De Gaulle, the

1. Quoted in Alain Peyrefitte, *That was de Gaulle*, vol. 1, de Fallois / Fayard, 1994, p. 52.

founder of the Fifth French Republic, which is still the title of the official regime in France now having a Gaullist party as main opposition force, would rise from the grave and be alive again, he would be severely criticized, indicted, arraigned in court and branded a *racist* for statements such as the one just quoted. Just as I am writing this short essay in English, the French Parliament has decided to delete the word *race* from all Basic Law texts, beginning with the (Gaullist) Constitution. Meanwhile the same Parliament prohibits all legal distinctions based on gender. Indeed I have always thought that the abolition of races was just a prelude to the abolition of sexes—the principle at work in the process being the hatred of *distinction*, that formerly highly regarded social, moral and esthetical quality; and more precisely the hatred of *discrimination*.

It is remarkably significant that the word *discrimination*, which has been for centuries the name of the most desirable quality of the mind, the supreme philosophical virtue, that of *being discriminating about* the world

around, i.e. having a fine-grained judgment on the things that compose reality, has become the name of the worst crime. If everything is to be exchanged and replaced, man himself very much included, it is essential that everything, every man, look as much as possible like the next thing, the next man, the next woman. *Discrimination*, i.e. the act of discriminating, is the worst enemy of the replaceable man, who embodies the commercial and industrial paradigm of *Global Replacism*—the ideology, and system, or *trend*, or *trope*, and phenomenon wich promotes replacement as the central gesture of Modern Times [1].

I am deeply convinced that the termination of the concept of *race*, at least in France, in the mid-seventies of the 20th century, was the key moment which made everything that followed possible; and, even more decisively, made (almost) impossible any re-

1. "L'homme remplaçable" (The Replaceable Man) is the title of a conference given in Paris on March 8th, 2012, for France-Israel. It is included in the collection *Le Grand Remplacement*.

sistance to what was to happen—mass immigration, mass migration, invasion, colonisation, ethnic substitution, in short the *Great Replacement*.

People often say that it is the horrors of Second World War—the genocide of the Jews, concentration and extermination camps—that have made any kind of reference to races impossible. This is not true, or, at least, not directly. There has been a thirty-year time lapse between the collapse of State racism in Europe and the advent of antiracism as the main political and ideological power on the continent. Something happened, roughly in the mid-seventies, which made it both urgent and indispensable to proclaim as a dogma that races do not exist. It seems to me, but I am no expert, that science has been extraordinary compliant in that respect, just as it was and would be compliant to deny the reality of the collapse of the educational system or the reality of mass immigration. The difference is that in both latter cases the sciences concerned were sciences of a more flexible nature, with findings so-

mehow debatable —"weaker" sciences, "softer" sciences (sociology, statistics, demography)—whereas, with regard to races and whether they exist or not, the science put to test was biology, the hard science almost *par excellence*. However, we are less than impressed by the achievement consisting in interpreting the term *race* in a sense so limited and narrowly-defined that it would be child's play, afterwards, to decide and announce that races (in this absurdly narrow biological acceptation of the word) did not exist. Those who performed that conceptual legerdemain may have been good scientists (I must admit that I have my doubts even on this point, and pure scientists do not seem so sure of their findings any more), but they were certainly not good linguists (and linguistics is also a science of sorts, after all). To decide and proclaim that races do not exist is about as intelligent as deciding and proclaiming that unicorns, or myths, or social classes do not exist. Those things may not have a scientific existence, whatever that means, but they are social, or literary, or poetic, or taxinomic creations of such considerable impact that pro-

claiming they do not exist is tantamount to seriously testing the meaning of the verb *to exist*.

It is unfortunately very common practice in ideological rhetoric, and ideological or political repression, to claim that things or categories or concepts do not exist for the sole reason that they have imprecise limits or are hard to define. It has been maintained with similar arguments that Europe did not exist, that European civilisation did not exist, that there was no such thing as French culture, no such thing as French people—nothing else, that is, but people with a French passport. In industrial and post-industrial societies, especially those where the main industry is the industry of Undifferentiated Human Matter, where man is the producer, product and consumer at once, there is no such thing as a genuine product. The product is what the industrialists say it is on the package. Name is all. And if the name vanishes, then the thing that was named is bound to vanish too.

In fact one could argue quite as convincingly, contrary to all that, that things,

concepts, phenomena and realities exist all the more in proportion to the difficulty to define them, or to the number of definitions it takes to try and explain what they are. Definitions do not come first and things or concepts are not summoned to obey what their definition tells each of them is. Except may be for neologisms, and even that does last for long, it is the other way round. Things *are*, and their definitions run after them and try to follow the best they can. The more difficult it is to stick a definition on a phenomenon or reality, the more intensively and pervadingly it *is*.

I remember a radio program where I had an hour-long discussion with Hervé Le Bras, a well-known French demographer, who, after being for years very adverse to the so-called "theory" of the Great Replacement, now thinks that a kind of replacement is indeed taking place, and that it is of enormous proportions, but that it should not be called that way, *Great Replacement*, the phrase being overly dramatic. The general atmosphere between us was not especially warm.

At the fifty-ninth minute of our talk, when there was, of course, no time left for me to answer him, professor Le Bra asked me:

"What is a people, for you?"

Naturally there was no way I could reply properly, that would have called for another one-hour program. People, *peuple* (but of course the translation is only *partially* correct, and very insufficient), is precisely one those highly complex and ancient words, deeply set in the rich texture of the language, which could fill in twenty definitions without strictly coinciding rigorously with any of them. All I was able to answer Pr Le Bras was, rather uncongrously:

"A deep murmur".

More or less consciously I was thinking of one of the most beautiful sentences, at least to my mind, in French litterature, by Georges Bernanos—it probably loses a lot in translation:

"Alas, around French little boys together bent upon their exercise-books, pen in hand, attentive and pulling their tongue a little,

like around young men inebriated by their first walk under the blossoming chestnut-trees, a fair young maid at their arm, there was once that vague and enchanted memory, that dream, that deep murmur with which the race lulls its children" (*La Grande Peur des bien-pensants* [*The Great Fear of the do-gooders*], introduction).

A *deep murmur* does seem to me one of the best possible definitions of what a people might be. Of course Bernanos uses the expression in connection with the word *race*, not the word *people*, but what I am trying to say is precisely that, that the two words, for an important part of their respective significations, are more or less exchangeable. Georges Pompidou, to my knowledge, is the last French president to have matter-of-factly used the word *race* in the traditional and highly unprecise, undefined, that is, *profound*, meaning of the word. As late as 1972, in a speech at the School of Political Sciences for its centennial anniversary, he declared, without having one eyebrow rise in the audience:

"The shock of defeat [*in 1940*], the extraordinary adventure of general de Gaulle and probably a deep-set reaction amongst our race, have given us back our vitality, a certain taste for risk and even ambitions".

And further down:

"The second obstacle is probably the hardest to overcome. It comes, we know it only too much, from the very character of our race, from that versatility that Caesar had noticed in the Gauls and used against them, and which has the French people, a people partial if there is one to calmness, to peace and stability, feel periodically, and by crises, an unexpressed and uncontrolled need for change, and for a kind of change which sets everything into question, not only men but the principles themselves, as well as the institutions ".

In a text which is part of a book of Memoirs he never wrote, and which has been published in a collection of essays untitled *Le Désir et le Destin* (*Desire and Destiny*), he also writes, still with much geniality:

"My father and my mother deeply belonged to the French race. Hard workers, frugal, they believed in merit, in the virtues of the mind, in the qualities of the heart".

A deep set reaction amongst our race? The very character of our race? The French race? Poor Georges Pompidou would have been much surprised to learn that, less than half a century later, with the very same words, he would be considered a criminal, taken to Court, and, who knows, impeached.

It might prove useful to note at this point that the very fact that one speaks of "our race" with regard to the French is proof enough that one is not a racist, in the traditional meaning of the term: the French, almost everyone agrees, have very little ethnic character to begin with. If they are a race, and I do believe very much they are, it is of the same order that the races of Sunday painters, of royal notaries, or of miserly people.

The thought of calling myself a *racist* would never have entered my mind because the word was very much already taken by something else entirely, something rather un-

pleasant. But if I were one, and I must admit the temptation gets stronger by the day, I would not be a racist like Chamberlain, Vacher de La Pouge or Rosenberg; but rather like Malherbe, Racine, Proust, Bernanos, de Gaulle or Georges Pompidou: people who were using the word with the utmost naturalness, who would have been quite incapable of giving it a precise definition, but could have offered twenty without problem. It is the racists, with their pseudo-scientific pretentions, who have limited *race* to an ineptly narrow signification, itself pseudo-scientific, which covered hardly five per cent of its semantic bow, or fan. And the tragedy is that the antiracists, after their success against the racists in 1945, have, impatient as they were to get rid once and for all of their enemy, taken the word in exactly the same absurdly narrow sense they had, being content to invert the whole ideological atmosphere in every respect. That is, again, what I have called *The*

Second Career of Adolf Hitler[1]. It is Hitler upside down. But it is still Hitler.

Marx (not Groucho, this time) says History comes back as a farce. He should have added that this farce may very well be a tragedy. The power of antiracism was founded on the debris of racism, and it owed its indisputable legitimacy to the obvious and irreproachable *Never again!* outcry which had raised from the Nazi Death Camps. Antiracist movements existed before that, of course, but antiracist societies, where antiracism is at the core of the State constitutive ideology and is the main focus of public and private education (to such an extent that public and private educational systems, in their degeneracy, seem sometimes reduced to it), stemmed from horrified reaction to the genocide of the Jews. In return for which, within the space of seventy years, they have become societies where, *by the very effect of antiracism*,

1. *La Seconde Carrière d'Adolf Hitler*, first published as *Le Communisme du XXI^e siècle*, Xenia, Vevey, 2007. Chez l'auteur / Amazon, 2018.

and of the mass immigration that only antiracism could make possible, and even require, and after coming full circle within the spiral of meaning, and the spiral of facts, the history of the Holocaust, in many a school, cannot be taught, because the pupils will have none of it and are convinced it is nothing but pure Zionist propaganda; whilst Jews have to flee the country by the thousands because they feel their children and themselves are not safe on its territory—and indeed they are not. Such is the cruel irony generated by the antiracist society: it is a great provider of racism.

Racism had turned Europe into a field of ruins. Antiracism turns it into a hyper-violent shantytown.

The meaning of the word *antiracism* has itself taken such a sharp turn that it is almost as if it was totally reversed. It used to mean hostility towards racism; it has come to mean, and this meaning could in equal if not greater measure be suggested by the very formation of the word, *hostility towards (the existence of) races*. Antiracism, after World War II, was the doctrine and the moral request

after which certain races, notably the Jews, the Gypsies, the Indians and the Blacks, had to benefit from a sort of extra protection, because they were facing special dangers. Antiracism, after the proclamation of the new dogma, c. 1975, was the doctrine jointly pointing forward two apparently incompatible assertions: first, that races *did not exist*, second, that they *were all equal*.

This doctrine, in my opinion, never fully recovered from that original logical flaw—never recovered *logically*, that is, *intellectually*—yet, as a power, and probably as the main ideological force in the West these days, it has, of course, never been stronger, for all intent and purpose. But claiming that races did not exist was by far the most important point. Of course, an other paradox, such dogma could only be maintained (against all real-life evidence) if one was to adhere to the racists' narrow, irrelevant concept of what races are; but even then, one had to be strong enough to impose a definition of *race* specifically designed to be unable to stand on its own two feet against "science". Only on such

conditions could races *not* exist. But the less they exist, officially, "scientifically", the more they make their influence felt. Never have people sung so much and so high from their genealogical tree, and been modelled by their origins, and by their cultural and ethnic sense of belonging, than since the day when races have been proclaimed not to exist anymore (and to have never existed, I suppose, for nothing is more retroactive as modern declarations of non-existence—*native French people*, *native Britons*, *peoples*, *races*, etc.); and yet never have races been more influential on people's opinions and reactions to events, and on events themselves.

Still, the most influential event of all was the proclamation of the dogma—the official announcement that there was no such thing as races. When people know only one thing, which is more and more frequent, especially amongst students, they know that, *that* is what they know. And the more they know nothing else, the more they are convinced of the truthfulness of that. The educational system has radically collapsed, cultural trans-

mission is in shambles, but if there is only one thing that school has kept teaching it is that, that races do not exist (and that they are all equal). Without that conviction firmly rooted in everybody's mind, mass migration could never have happened, ethnic substitution could never have happened, colonisation would have been impossible: *contemporary colonisation*, I mean, the colonisation of Europe by Africa. While the colonisation of Africa by Europe was most probably racist, the colonisation of Europe by Africa is without a doubt antiracist. It could never have occurred without these two fundamental (and contradictory) principles of antiracism: that races do not exist, and that they are all equal.

Antiracism has finally taken on the meaning that its name implied in the first place, denoting the stance against (the existence of) races and the willingness to have them disappear. It is a project with strong genocidal connotations, at least for genocide by substitution. But if the meaning of *antiracism* has changed radically, and it has, the meaning of *racism* should also change symmetrically. It

should be the doctrine of people who love races, all of them, and pray for their equal preservation. Unfortunately, the old meaning is still too strong for the new sense to be understood, and but few people will have the courage to call themselves *racists* in the new sense I suggest, given the risk of being viewed as racists in the classic, though relatively modern, meaning of the word.

The dogma of the inexistence of races, proclaimed in the mid-seventies of the 20th century, is the *credo quia absurdum* of both antiracism (in its second phase) and Global Replacism. It has much in common with the Roman Catholic dogma of the Immaculate Conception (of the Virgin Mary), which was also proclaimed at a rather late stage by Catholicism. Both make sense only in a rather far-fetched theological order of meaning and are an obvious challenge to common sense. But the more recent and more profane one has had vaster consequences than the older, purely theological one. I would not go so far as saying that it *provoked* the colonisation of Europe (and the impending Great Replace-

ment in North America), but it certainly was a enabling condition for its advent. Paradoxically, without the non-existence of races, the change of race would not be possible. Or, more to the point: it would not have been acceptable, and not accepted. However, since there are no races, as we are told, there can be no substitution of races. It is as simple as that. Change was obvious, and rather unpleasant, but it was not taking place. How could it occur, since it was scientifically impossible?

This is not the place to discuss once again the relevance of the word *colonialism* or *colonisation* in respect to what is currently happening in Europe. On the subject I have said, even in this small book, what I believed I had to say, and I will not elaborate on it again, except to repeat that, to my view, Europe is infinitely more colonised by Africa, and in a much deeper and serious way, that it ever colonised it itself. This conviction obviously leads to a third, and, to some people, more unexpected template for resistance to the Great Replacement and to Global Replacism—after the various wars of Indepen-

dence and Resistance against Nazism—, namely, all anticolonial and anticolonialist movements and heroes, starting with Gandhi, if not earlier. Time has come to put an end to both colonialism and counter-colonialism, to terminate the colonialistic era in human history. Between Europe and Africa the best place to stop the pendulum would be the Mediterranean.

French people amongst my readers are not always ready to consider the Algerian anticolonial Revolution, or men like Ahmed Ben Bella, as possible role models for action, or simply as references: those fights and fighters were fought and fighting against France, and they have inflicted to the French wounds which even today are far from healed. Nevertheless there are, in the strange symmetry between the two countries, Algeria around 1960, France today, many lessons to be taught and learnt, especially with regard to Remigration, even if it then went by other names, and with a not-to-be imitated brutality—"The Suitcase or the Coffin" was the rather dire motto of *avant-la-lettre* Alge-

rian remigrationnists, addressing the French in what was then French Algeria.

I am always amazed to observe how fittingly canonical essays by anticolonialist writers do apply, with very little transposition needed, to the present situation of colonised Europe. This is particularly true of Frantz Fanon, for instance, the famous black theorist of Third-Worldism. Let us hear him on "Racism and Culture", a lecture he gave to the Congress of Black Writers and Artists, in Paris, on September 20th, 1956:

« To enslave, in the strictest sense of the word, the indigenous population is the first requirement.

« To achieve this, its social reference system ought to be shattered. Expropriation, spoliation, raids, straight murder are accompanied by a ransacking of cultural systems, or to the very least make the enabling conditions of such ransacking. The social landscape is disrupted; values are flouted, crushed, gutted... »

And three years later, in Roma:

"*A national culture under colonial domination is a contested culture whose destruction is pursued in a systematic fashion.* It very quickly becomes a culture sentenced to clandestinity. This idea of a clandestine culture can immediately be seen in *the reactions of the occupying power, which understands attachment to traditions as faithfulness to the spirit of the nation and as a refusal to submit.* This persistence in following cultural habits which are already doomed to extinction is already a demonstration of nationality; but it is a demonstration which is a throw-back to the laws of inertia. There is no taking of the offensive and no redefinition of relationships. There is simply a retreat into a hard core of culture which is becoming more and more shrunken, inert and empty" (*underlining mine*).

Of course no two colonisations are the same, and the one to which Europe is submitted is a very special one, with a few unprecedented aspects. Its main characteristic is that is twofold. Is it possible to say in english, while still making sense, that the *coloniser* and the *colonising* are not the same people? Or

shall I make myself clearer by writing that what we are dealing with here is a *delegated* form of colonisation, a colonisation by proxy, and that the forces that want it, and who organize it, are not the forces who actually accomplish it, even if the latter are very much willing, and did not have to be asked twice?

This, this twofold colonisation, simultaneously from the top and from the bottom, so to speak, by the very rich and by the very poor, is particularly easy to observe as regards culture, to keep to Fanon's observation just quoted above. It is not the migrants from Africa, for instance, that have been destroying Western culture and civilisation, even though they seem more and more eager to pull down what's left of them, to overthrow their ruins, or do it without even thinking of them, without even noticing that those sad vestiges are, or were, Western culture and civilization.

Not only had the destruction started *before* the recent conquest, the present foreign occupation, the current colonisation: it was, along with the dogma of the inexistence of

races, the very condition for them to happen. No people that knows its own classics would accept numbly and without balking to be thrown into the dustbins of history (if not worse). This numbness had to be created, organized—not necessarily by people with their mind set on reaching such an objective, more likely by powerful mechanisms generated by ideals, or by interests, or by a combination of both, the one serving as a dummy for the other. The principal ideal involved is *equality*. The principal interest at work is *normalisation*, *standardisation*, *similarity*, *sameness*—needless to say, *equality* is the condition to those.

If there was only one name to mention at this point it would be without doubt, especially of course in a French context, but not only, that of Pierre Bourdieu. Pierre Bourdieu, for the unlikely reader who would not be familiar with his name and work, is that French sociologist, philosopher, political thinker and theorist whose analyses resolve around the noticeable inequality in learning abilities amongst pupils receiving the same

teaching in the same classroom, depending on their social, economical and cultural background: in short, pupils whose parents are financially at ease and culturally alert, read, travel with them, take them to museums, concerts and theatrical performances, such pupils have many more chances to take advantage of the education they are given in schools and high schools; they are more likely to succeed in their studies and to go to better colleges and universities, than pupils from less privileged economic and cultural backrounds.

Of course that was hardly a discovery at all, and every family in France, in Europe, in the West and in the rest of the world as well, has known for ever that the best way to give a child a good education is to give him educated parents. That was one of the main reasons, if not the essential one, why people wanted to climb up socially. The social history of the *Ancien Régime* shows unequivocally the long and obstinate labour of families to improve their social status from one generation to the next, and to give their

children a better education, which is both a means and an end, a process and an ideal. If one studies the ascendancies of great French cultural figures from the 17th and 18th centuries, one has a very serious chance to observe a social progression which is amazingly similar in many a case, and whose archetypal structure would be, from one generation to another: ploughman, shopkeeper, merchant, "royal notary" (the number of "royal notaries", *notaires royaux*, among the ascendancy of French great cultural figures is absolutely stupefying), judge (or "prévôt des marchands", merchant's provost), member of (local) Parliament. Commonly, it took about seven generations to produce what we would call, very anachronistically, an *intellectual*, or a *gentleman*, or both. After the French Revolution the process is more or less the same but it seems to have become quicker —three generations, say: shopkeeper, (great) physician, (great) writer (I am thinking of the case of Marcel Proust).

No one likes bad news but modernity feels an absolute hatred for bad *ideological*

news. It can withstand bad political news, bad economical news, even bad ecological news, although they are very unpleasant; but bad ideological news are beyond its capacity for suffering and acceptance. When faced with them, it immediately decides that they are false, and that those who bring them are criminals. These persons are not criminals because their news are false, their news are false, *have to be*, because the bearers are criminals, and so are their news. Those news are false and criminal because everything would have to be changed in the general (and ideological) system of perception and evaluation if they were true. They just *can't* be. That would be too harsh on too many people.

Imagine, for example, and for the mere sake of discussion, that a young scientist would discover—and that very unlikely event would be one of the worst things which could happen—would discover, say, that women capacities of intellection are inferior by 17, 44 per cent to those of men. Do you think such discovery would have great success? Do you think prestigious scientific magazines would

compete for the honour of presenting it to the world? Do you think the young doctor would be offered a better and larger laboratory, and more people to work under his guidance for a better knowledge of womens's rights?

More likely he would be sent to some faraway laboratory, with a strong, if mute, invitation to keep quiet, if he could. Science, like history, and like information, is a matter of choice, a selection. There are probably a plethora of important discoveries of which no one has never heard. They were simply not in the spirit of the age. Lucien Febvre, the great historian of Renaissance, thought Erasmus could not be an atheist because the conceptual apparatus of the period simply did not allow for such a stand. There were not the words for it. The conceptual apparatus of our time do not allow, by chance, for the conviction that men and women are not equal, or, for that matter, that there is any statutory, or natural, inequality. It is impossible to think that, just as it is impossible to reach by car a fishermen village which is not linked to the hinterland by any road. Such an opinion is

just not to be expressed, or even conceived. Neither is the statement stating that seven generations, or at least three, are necessary to produce a cultivated man, or a gentleman. No idea is more repellent to the present way of thinking. It can't be true. Who wants gentlemen anyway?

Pierre Bourdieu found it extremely unfair that pupils coming from a culturally privileged milieu would have an advantage in the class-room over pupils who were not. And indeed it was. *It is.* It is typically what I have been calling "bad ideological news", although it was hardly anything new. Criminal it was, as a state of affairs, but Bourdieu could not be called that because, as much as he was giving this rather unpleasant piece of information the veneer of (sociological) science, he was, of course, very much against the situation he was describing so aptly. He, at least, and, I imagine, most of the innumerable disciples he has had in France—where they have been running the educational system for forty years —, and in the world, wanted the privilege of chidren with educated pa-

rents put to an end, as a privilege, by being offered to all children.

This, as everybody knows, is not at all what happened. This is not what happened, and this could not happen, because the bad news of the advantage of children with educated parents are not only bad, they are true, which is even worse. They are even something like an perennial truth. This truth could be put in this very unpleasant way: the best way to give children a good education is to give them parents with a good education. Which is not even an infallible method, as it does not always work. And it is not, thank goodness, the *unique* possible method: there are exemples of success obtained with other ways of proceeding. But it is the best ans safest method, and this is a highly unsavoury truth. Cultural inheritors (*Les Héritiers*, after the title of the famous book by Bourdieu et Passeron, 1970) are the most precious parts of any society: they should be protected with great care, and their number, whenever possible, enlarged. Culture, to thrive, needs a cultivated class. Culture being for a

very important part (but of course not exclusively) an inheritance, this cultivated class must be partly, but for a significant part, hereditary (that is: *must be a class*). Its privilege, namely *culture*, won't always be transmitted: there will always be failures in transmission. For that reason it has to be partly renewed with each generation: lineages dropping out, lineages coming in. But it has to remain partly hereditary.

Bourdieusians and pedagogists in French and other educational systems, whatever they might have wanted to do, have in fact operated along exactly contrary lines. Since they could not insure that the *ininheritors*[1] would inherit, they made it sure that the inheritors would not. Dozens of examples could be given. The most significant one, and the one

1. *Les Inhéritiers* (*The Ininheritors*), originally "Bourdieu upside down", a lecture given in the Playfair Library Hall of Edimburgh University on April 13th, 2012, Chez l'auteur, 2013, new edition, 2018. This essay, along with five others, has been collected in the collection *Le Petit Remplacement*, Chez l'auteur, Amazon, 2018, and Éditions Pierre-Guillaume de Roux, 2019.

which will most help me be understood, I think, is that of "general culture".

General culture, inasmuch as it is fairly independant from school or college syllabuses, as it cannot be taught as a specific discipline, as it can't even be defined, has no precise borders and is, in a way, suspended (or not) in the air one breathes (or not), is seen by bourdieusians and pedagogists alike (they are often one and the same) as a privilege (as indeed it is, even though it can also be acquired by strength of the will), and, as such, unfair, unjust, antidemocratic. This being so, in their mind, it must go, or at least it must not be taken into consideration in the classroom, when marking papers, during examinations. A certain Richard Descoings, the once famous (in France) director of the once prestigious Institute of Political Sciences, in Paris ("Sciences Po"), was made even more famous by his decision to remove all "general culture" examinations at Science-Po. Significantly, he also designed special admission schemes for the pupils of a certain number of high schools

in *underprivileged* (that is, largely *populated by immigrated*) parts of the (suburban) territory.

If you can't bring people to culture, nor bring culture to them, the simplest thing to do is to call culture whatever they have. If there is no culture, culture will be the name of what there is. It all amounts to playing on words. The word *music*[1], for instance, has had its signification totally changed, if not reversed. It is a beautiful, if melancholy, tribute to the central place of music in the West's cultural tradition that the word *music* has been the place where the complete reversal of cultural references first took place. *Music*, at least in cultivated language, was the name for the learned artistic tradition which ranges from Hildegarde von Bingen, say, to Eliot Carter, Ligeti, Pierre Boulez, Ferneyhough and beyond. No one has ever pretended that popular music, what the French call, or used to call, *variétés*, variety, was not mu-

1. *Le Mot "musique"*, Chez l'auteur / Amazon, 2018. This short essay has also been collected in both editions of *Le Petit Remplacement*.

sic, or part of music; but it was emphatically *not* what cultured people meant when they were speaking about music, and using the word *music*. To-day the reversal is complete: what most people mean when they mention *music* is pop music, and if they want to say a word about music in the old sense they have to specify *classical music*, or *"grande musique"*. Qualification has changed side. To the couple *music / popular music* (or *variety*), has succeeded the pair *music / classical music*, the latter being but a dwindling specialization.

The change of meaning of the word *music* implies a massive change in geographical reference. Music in the new sense—pop music, rock, rap, etc.—is largely Anglo-Saxon in its origins and expression, and especially American. Even French or other continental European singers willingly sing in English on American rhythms. Those rhythms, generally binary, military, insistent and disquieting like the obstinate sound (boum-boum, boum-boum, boum-boum) of an artificial heart in the operation room of a hospital, are themselves largely inspired, if only

through jazz, by African musical traditions. Those also manifest their influence *directly*, in Europe, without the detour by the United-States but unfortunately through commercial filters which are as many philistine adaptations, if not downright treasons, of what would be, all things being equal, African "classical" music. But here music is difficult to separate from dancing, contrary of what was the case in European tradition: few people ever thought or tried to dance on Beethoven's or Bartok's quartets, even when some movements were inspired by popular dances.

Music in the new sense, combined with dancing, can be seeen, through its huge success in all classes and all ages, as a rising back of Africa in the European body. Such ascent is obviously made much easier by the highly noticeable infantilisation which has been provoked by general deculturation [1]; and which so curiously coincide with the

1. *La Grande Déculturation*, Fayard, 2008, Chez l'auteur, 2018. This essay has been collected in *Le Petit Remplacement*, Chez l'auteur, 2018, Pierre-Guillaume de Roux, 2019.

growth of violence and brutality in daily social relations. It seems the more people call themselves by their first names on their first encounter, use baby talk even in a political or official context (ministers or other officials speaking of *moms* and *dads*, *les mamans et les papas*, even in public speeches or official appearances), turn to a flabby and namby-pamby way of expressing themselves, replace manners by the expansive expression of a no less conventional good will—in short shorten if not abolish the distances between them (or so they think), the more the common space is becoming a place of constant aggressive and often criminal rivalries.

These days one currently sees people in their seventies, if not older, taking very seriously their dancing as part of group activities which to their parents or grand-parents would have been suitable for twelve-year-old children only. But this, like the spread of tattoos or the taste for collective pleasures, trips, games, hikes, tai chi or samba lessons, all these gregariously fun activities, is also very representative of the tribalization or re-

tribalization of existence, after the collapse of class frontiers, race partitions and national borders, under remplacist rule and petit-bourgeois dictatorship.

The said dictatorship and the Small Replacement (of high culture by popular culture) is never so evident as on the days when a pop star, even a minor one, dies: national programs on television are entirely dedicated to them, all other news disappear, and the general consensus is that the dead artist, who may very well have had no importance whatsoever in the life of his cultured contemporaries, was a life companion for the entire people. This never happens any more for great composers, nor, for that matter, great writers, poets, painters, philosophers and the like. "Culture" and show business have become more or less synonymous. When one of the greatest poets of French litterature, Yves Bonnefoy, died in 2016, the event did not even make the news, on television. Glory has been replaced by mere fame, aesthetic appreciation by mere evaluation of quantitative popularity. The death of

Pierre Boulez has received a hundred times less attention that that of Charles Aznavour. When the great composer Henri Dutilleux had the misfortune (he probably would not have cared...) of dying the same day as the rather obscure pop singer Georges Moustaki, the French Minister of Culture chose to attend the funerals of the latter, probably considered more important or, at least, electorally more rewarding. When Paul Claudel died in 1955 he was given national funerals, and the ceremony was all over the news. Today he would get five minutes attention on "cultural" programs. What used to be seen as culture is now considered as the rather suspicious hobby of an extinct social class. A new minister of Culture, in the fall of 2018, is described as particularly fit for the post because he is a great specialist of "cultural industries". Culture has become a mere industry, like man. They are the only industries to survive.

Music, in the old, classical sense, was the normal sound of culture, also in the old, classical sense of the word. The change

of meaning of the word *music* (in cultivated language) is certainly not the cause but might be considered as the emblem, the symbol, the escutcheon within the escutcheon, of the change of meaning of the word *culture*. Culture used to be mostly an inheritance, the corpus of humanity's best, and the cultivation of it, and the practise and production of what might be added to it. But inheritance was a wrong thing, it was unfair and undemocratic, since a minority of people received it and a majority did not, as Bourdieu had reminded everyone. Inheritance had to go, or at least had to be reduced, inside the realm of culture, as much as possible. Of course culture with less ans less inheritance in it would not really be culture, just entertainement, show business, the film industry, leisure and all the ways to fill one's leisure time. But the name *culture* was kept, because it was somehow prestigious; and just as were kept, with music, *concert*, *recital*, or, even more unexpectedly, the very highbrow *opus*, which must be very surprised by its new environment. The worst changes are not the changes in names, the worst changes are the changes in contents

when the old name is kept to create an illusion: *culture*, *music*, *concert*, *opus*, *French*...

Culture died, or at least was emptied of its meaning, because it was too bourgeois. And bourgeois indeed it was. Culture, as a concept, and as a name for the relationship to art, to thought, to the beauty of the world and to the *sensitive space* is fairly easily datable and very narrowly linked with the bourgeois period of the history of the Western world: roughly from the second half of the18th century to the second half of the 20th century. For France one could half-jokingly be even more precise, and suggest 1789 to 1968. People from Antiquity, from the Middle Ages, from the Renaissance or the Classical Period were not "cultured", even when they were so by our standards. They would not have understood the word *culture*. Nobility in its heyday was not "cultured". It was, in the best of cases, which were always, of course, a minority, well red, on intimate terms with the classics, much versed in the humanities, deeply attached to the arts and eager to possess works of art. Its ideal was the

accomplished man, *l'homme accompli*, not the cultivated man, which would have been perceived as putting far too much emphasis to things of profane and secondary importance.

The bourgeois period changed all that. Culture was a weapon, for the bourgeois, in its rivalry with the aristocrat. The bourgeois had no ancestors, its relations with the past were much shorter than those of the nobleman, its manners had not been polished by the centuries; but he had money, which gave him the possibility to buy a lineage, castles, dignity, respectability, prestige. Aristocracy had been—*ideally*, of course, but that ideal was influencing the behaviour and the official values even of the individuals who were not up to it...—the class of honour: culture (very much in the same conditions) would be the honour of the upper-middle-class.

The class system of course varies from one society to the next, if only between Europe and America: boundaries are not the same, translations are never exactly faithful. The United States have not known aristocracy, officially, or at least nobility, the class

which, if nothing else, has built that essential part of the European cultural heritage, castles, mansions, *les châteaux*, and has filled them with art—of course leftist, or Marxist or just popular opinion consider that *les châteaux* have been built essentially by the work force which has constructed them, if not with the money extracted or stolen from those same workers, or from the peasantry from which they came. The French bourgeoisie is not exactly the middle class, although the division *haute bourgeoisie*, *bourgeoisie*, *petite bourgeoisie* might coincide more or less exactly with *upper-middle-class*, *middle-class*, *lower-middle-class*. *Petite bourgeoisie*, rightly or wrongly, seems to me to be more characterised, to have more personality, at least more of an "image", if only in literature, than the *lower-middle-class*. In any case it is my opinion ("et je la partage", *and I share it*, in the words of Monsieur Prud'homme, a comic character in French 19th-century bourgeois drama) that, while the Soviet Union failed, notwithstanding a short century of terror and tyranny, to impose *the dictatorship of the proletariat*, France, Europe, the Western

World and probably the world as a whole, gloriously succeeded, without terror, without visible constraint, without revolution, to impose *the dictatorship of the lower-middle-class*, *la dictature de la petite bourgeoisie* [1].

In France and, to a lesser degree, elsewhere in the world, there has indeed been a kind of revolution, a symbolical revolution, but, in a characteristically petit bourgeois fashion, it was the *imitation* of a revolution, a *mock revolution*, a revolution for laughs, and sex: *May 1968* —enough, though, to send to the antiques store the bourgeois national France that general de Gaulle and his dignified spouse had so vigorously been trying to restore.

The admirable idea—probably never formulated, even by its unconscious conceivers —of the petite bourgeoisie, and the one which was to insure its universal success, if

1. *La Dictature de la petite bourgeoisie*, Privat, 2005, Chez l'Auteur, 2014, new edition, Amazon, 2018. This essay, along with five other original books, has been collected in the collection *Le Petit Remplacement*, Chez l'auteur / Amazon, 2018.

only because it was deeply in keeping with the nature of Global Replacism, and of mass migration, was to *include* everything and everybody instead of *excluding* them, like all the previous ruling classes had done. Nobility was very keen on trying to avoid at all cost that people from the bourgeoisie should become noble. Most of 19th-century drama and literature is about bourgeois parents doing everything they can to prevent seducers from the lower orders from marying into their families. Everything was done to avoid inter-class social and sexual contact (prostitution excepted) so that the privileged orders would not have to share their privileges with too many newcomers. The petite-bourgeoisie is much more clever than that. Far from preventing people from the other classes from joining in, it makes it compulsory for them to do so. Thanks to the unified educational system, thanks to television which, for at least two generations, at the end of 20th-century, was practically the same for everybody, thanks to taxes and the rise of labour costs, which barred people from the ancient ruling classes to carry on with the way of life

of their ancestors and of their parents (for instance by having servants, a characteristic trait of both the bourgeois and the aristocratic world; or by keeping their family homes, mansions, stately houses, which became too costly and too difficult to maintain, especially without servants), it became thoroughly impossible *not* to be a petit-bourgeois. Even parents from the bourgeoisie who would have resisted the process were forced to send their children off to schools belonging to the general system or operating on contract with the general system, and those bourgeois parents would necessarily find in their children, at the end if their educational process, perfect petits-bourgeois, in social habits, ways of dressing and, above all, language. People who would insist on having their children educated the traditional way, with the traditional syntax and the traditional words, as well as the social habits which go with them, would turn them into complete social pariahs. To *raise* a child is to make an outcast out of him.

Even if with some extraordinary chance or stubbornness one could escape during

one's entire life being a petit-bourgeois, the petite-bourgeoisie would still catch up with you, in all probability, in the last moment, at the hospital, where there is no way to escape nurses who speak to you in baby talk and want to know gently (in the best of cases) if our dear little grandpa has gone wee-wee to satisfaction. Death is relentlessly petit-bourgeois, and vice-versa.

All the other social classes have converged and merged with the enormous central class, the petite- bourgeoisie. Greatly helped by the ideal of equality, and by the all-inclusive policy I just mentioned, the petty bourgeoisie has become a dictatorial *classe unique* whose limits more or less coincide with the world itself; and which, as a consequence, knows practically no outside world. It cannot even imagine or conceive having one, nor admit that actual people might seriously use other words, have different social habits, see the world from quite another angle. There is no escaping it. Outside, it is still it. For that reason it cannot have opponents or adversaries, people like it who

would just happen not to think or feel like it does. People who are not with it, part of it, have to be monsters, an aberration of nature, Brecht's notorious "foul beast". Meanwhile, in the words of Gorgio Agamben, the Italian philosopher, "Petite bourgeoisie is probably the shape under which humanity is presently heading towards its own destruction. [1]"

This is probably all the more pertinent that *ex-istence (*the word itself shows it eloquently enough) is selection, discrimination, exclusion, border. Nothing can be created without those actions, without a distinction being made between what is going to be part of the thing created and what is not: and things that already exist are destroyed by the removal of those conditions. The lack of selection spells destruction for universities, peoples, nations and cultures alike. Of course the same could be said of equality, which is nothing but the lack of selection or discrimination setting itself up as a virtue;

1. *La Communità che viene*, Giulio Einaudi, 1990, *La Communauté qui vient*, Seuil, p. 66.

or of the French beloved secularism (*laicity*), which is, so to speak, equality in religious matters. Personnally, I have never been able to understand how equality was compatible with morals, to say nothing of aesthetics. What equality is there between Vaclav Havel and Mouammar Kadhafi? Between Beethoven and Hummel? Between Henri Dutilleux and Georges Moustaki? If those men are equals, then life is not worth being lived, nor any effort worth imposing upon oneself to make one a better person with a more interesting life. Men are equals only before the law, if this is what the law has decided, and in what, in them, is least unique. They are equals before death, illness, misery, humiliation, extreme suffering; they are equal before all-powerful gods and tyrants so high up and distant that the differences between the living dissolve, making them all the same, hence interchangeable, replaceable, pure Undifferentiated Human Matter (UHM). That is what makes equality, as well as antiracism, so precious to Global Replacism, to the universal petite-bourgeoisie, to the industries of man, and to Davocracy; and that is what ex-

plains that it is so easy, for the hyper-class, to find arrangements, either secret or open ones, with the equalitarian left, and support it, financially or otherwise.

I believe in the equality of nothing—except by chance, or by a sometimes legitimate coup d'État of the law. Equality, as soon as it leaves its legal and political bed, destroys everything it touches—vessels, ramparts, cities, men—as Æschylus said Helen of Troy did. Equality between parents and children has destroyed the family, transmission, civilisation. Equality between teachers and pupils, or between good pupils and bad pupils, has destroyed schools, teaching, knowledge. Equality between high culture and entertainment has destroyed culture. Equality between citizens and non-citizens is destroying citizenship, states, nations. Equality between century-old local traditions and mores and imported ways of life and foreign traditions will let nothing standing, or worth standing, of any nation. In France and in Europe, equality

between Christianity and Islam spells death for French culture and European civilisation.

An obvious objection to this description of a unique class is that, for most sociologists, inequalities are widening. We have learnt by now to consider sociologists' claims with a certain level of scepticism. Wealth is much less obvious that it used to be: most big mansions and townhouses everywhere have been destroyed, divided into flats or sold off to banks; private parks in urban or suburban environments have disappeared or been converted into housing projects; except in much sought after tourist spots great hotels have closed for lack of practice; elegant women in expensive attire are practically nowhere to be seen any more in the streets of the cities to which they had given their reputation of sophistication and charm. The very rich may have become richer, that is very likely; but the "normal" rich, as a class, have suffered a severe cutback of their visible presence, and their impact on the geography and topography of the world has been considerably reduced, especially in large cities, where

proletarisation is more striking, most of the time, than *gentrification*—a rather misleading term, anyway, because what it covers is more the spreading of triumphant well-off petite-bourgeoisie than an unlikely return of gentry.

Of course the fact that formerly rich countries such as those of Western Europe import by the millions a new population from the poorest countries in the world may account for the increase in inequalities, at least between the once prosperous populations of Europe and their new fellow citizens, or those with whom they share some common space, or invaders, depending on the point of view; it also account for the growing poverty, which surprisingly and regularly seems to surprise economists, sociologists and do-gooders alike: if a country or a continent receives millions of very poor people, it can hardly come as a source of amazement to anyone that it should grow poorer and poorer, and that the medium level of personnal income should take a sharp turn to the bottom.

As for the other, upper, end of the economic and political spectrum, I think the media and the people did not pay enough attention to an innocuous remark of ex-president François Hollande about his much criticised successor Emmanuel Macron. Asked whether Macron was the president of the rich, Holland snapped:

"No, he is not the president of the rich [*Long surprised silence*]. He is the president of the *very* rich".

Macron is indeed, in my opinion, the best local representative on earth of what I have called *Davocracy*, the government of the planet by Davos, that Swiss ski resort where the Great Paymasters of the world, bankers and giants of finance, congregate once a year to decide how the planet should be run according to its best interest and theirs. Macron is even, again in my opinion, the best example of the reality of *direct Davocracy,* the takeover by Davos of the management, without intermediaries, of the *human park*, to speak like Peter Sloterdijk. This implies the neutralisation of the political strata which

used to be the interface between the peoples and high finance: now Davos feels strong enough do to without this in-between body, unreliable as it always was. And this neutralisation is exactly what Emmanuel Macron is doing, with the utmost determination and consistency: he has defeated and send packing most of the popular figures, Holland, Sarkozy, Juppé, Villepin, Bayrou, even to some extant, Marine Le Pen, who had played a central part on the French political scene for the last thirty years; he has literally brought about the explosion of the three main political parties which had shared the favor of the electoral body during the same period; he has formed a government of nobodies who were totally unknown to the public a few weeks before; he made for the election to Parliament, under his personnal banner, of an incredible collection of the most distressed and incompetent people ever to grace a French Assembly, a crowd which owes everything to him and whose number, rights to intervene and allowances he immediately proceeded to reduce in considerable proportion; in the same time he passed a law which dras-

tically reduced the financing of all local powers, at every level, to such an extent that mayors, now unable to run their city or village and do what they have been elected to do, resign by the hundreds; ministries are sent off to the *banlieues* where they will have opportunities to better experience what new France feels like, while their historical seats are given to migrants; many of the most prestigious or symbolical real estate properties of the State are auctioned off, including airports to the Chinese, while Parisian palaces are sold to the Saudis and football teams to the Qataris. Growing parts of the once beloved "public service" are handed over to private interests, and people, more and more frequently, have to pay for what used to be free. If townships organize festivals, for instance, they have to pay for their own security, a service the police is no longer willing or able to provide. Individuals, likewise, can no longer count on law-enforcement to ensure their day-to-day safety and quietness; unless you have had, at least, your throat cut open, which fortunately is more and more frequent, you are discouraged from lodging a complaint, which

could bring you more trouble than satisfaction, should you incriminate a given group of people. Police officers and constables seem to be mostly used as auxiliary tax collectors, buzy banking the ever-increasing penalties inflicted on drivers, or trying without much success, on the ethnic front, to ensure a peaceful transmission of power from one people to another.

If you want to be left alone you had better be a delinquent. Police officers prefer to control honest citizens, who show them some respect, are afraid of them and will not shoot them at the first vexation. A very dangerous male criminal, having escaped from prison and first on the list of the most wanted runaways, was recently going quietly about his business in town wearing a burqa, a garment prohibited in France—as long as he was emphatically defying the law, he knew he would not be bothered.

Under such conditions, one is led to wonder why one should continue to abide by the codes and pay taxes. The social pact has been obviously broken. What allegiance do

we owe to a power that not only does not protect us from invasion but calls for it, invite it and sends boats afloat to bring it faster; and that does not defend the individual citizen from the growing insecurity any more than it defends the country from foreign invasion? The problem is that, unconsciously, for atavistic reasons, people still believe, even when confronted with obvious proofs of the contrary, that their governments are there to protect them—those governments are in fact very determined to destroy them, to melt them in undifferentiated human matter. The French are like an old faithful dog who, notwithstanding the blows received and the big stone just being attached by a rope to his collar, simply cannot think of his master intending to drown him. It certainly looks like it, but it cannot possibly be true.

One could object here that the power or powers which want this state of affairs, the Great Replacement, Global Replacism, the industries of replaceable man, and who have chosen Macron to be their representative in France, the local governor for Davo-

cracy, are probably the richest people in the world, and can hardly been called *petit bourgeois*. Nevertheless, this is what they are. It should have been specified earlier that the dictatorship of petite-bourgeoisie, an obvious reference to Lénine and to the Soviet Union, is *cultural* much more than military or economical. The petite-bourgeoisie has become so enormous and so total, so global, so narrowly coinciding with the world itself, that, inside it, all the old economic hierarchies have reestablished themselves and are now more ruthless than ever. But those are purely economical, financiary, peciuniary. In the immortal words of Nicolas Gomez Davila, today, between the rich and the poor, the only difference is money. The petite-bourgeoisie decides what you think, what you feel, what you say and, more than anything else, *how* you say it. The class differences in language have eroded faster than the glacier at la Mer de Glace, at Chamonix. And every time there has been a conflict between two ways of saying things, the bourgeois way and the petit-bourgeois one, the classical and the modern, it is the

petit-bourgeois way which has won, and the former which has lost, and disappeared.

Putting people's last name after *Monsieur* or *Madame*, for instance, when speaking to them directly, *Monsieur Dumas*, *Madame Fouilloix*, which was considered (except of course when individuals had to be distinguished from other persons in the room) either American or a parody of peasantry, and simply not to be done, unless one was a concierge in an hotel, who thinks people will be flattered to have their name remembered, has become general practice—with the important proviso that last names are being quickly replaced by first names, infinitely better suited to Global Replacism, which needs to cut people from the past, from history, from time and from anything inherited, family name included; and much more in keeping with petty bourgeoisie, which has no ancestors, does not know the maiden name of its grandmother and does not want other people to enjoy such patrician privileges as an *old* name. Unsurprisingly, banks, hotel chains, *gafas*, petitioners asking you to sign their petitions or commer-

cial agents advising you to set up your funerals in due time or to follow a miracle treatment against prostate problems, all behave like over-familiar, uneducated youths using your first name on first exchange and assuming you are eager to do the same with them ("your account will be followed up by Éric"). In French this general trend in favour of first names [1] goes hand in hand with the gradual abandonment of the traditional *vous* in favour of the familiar *tu*, which can be fairly agressive when not requested—the last time it was compulsory in French society was during the Terror, 1793-1794, the bloodiest phase of the French Revolution. But if men and women have to be prepared for general interchangeability, distances between them must be abolished as much as possible, and individuals must be deprived of all the social protections that étiquette, grammar, private pro-

1. *La Civilisation des prénoms* (*The Civilisation of First Names*), Chez l'auteur, 2014, new edition, 2018. This essay has been included in the collection *Le Petit Remplacement* (*The Little Replacement*), Chez l'auteur, 2018.

perty, race, sex or nationality could offer them against global replacement.

Likewise, *bon appétit*, once typically lower middle class, is now common verbal usage, partly thanks to foreigners who mistakenly thought it was typically French, and who would have felt offended by not hearing it, whereas it was considered an absolute no-no in long gone polite circles. One could give hundreds of such examples. Everywhere, dictatorial and omnipresent petite-bourgeoisie has imposed its own language. If in France you don't use it, and don't start your letters or electronic messages by *Bonjour*, and end them by *Cordially* (which, back in the days, was reserved for writing to one's servants, farmers or tradesmen) you are an outcast—I am an outcast anyway, so I don't care.

The petite-bourgeoisie has been the sole class to come to power, *cultural* power, without a culture it could call its own, or at least considered as such by the other classes. Being the class of the *ininheritance*, it had nothing to offer in the way of inheritance, which it strongly disliked and regarded as un-

fair and humiliating to people who had none. But this mattered little. When there is no culture, suffice it to call *culture* whatever there is. And the petite-bourgeoisie, for lack of having a culture, or something that had previously been called *culture* when other classes were in power, had tastes, preferences, prejudices, social habits, favorite ways of spending its Saturday nights, Sundays and other leisure time. Nothing was easier for it than to call those habits *culture*, because, if you are in power, if you are the ruling class, be it only the *cultural* ruling class, if you are the world, if you occupy all the available space, you can pretty much call whatever you like whatever you please. Thus the petite-bourgeoisie has called *culture* the things that she liked, and specifically the things which, rightly or wrongly, were not called *culture* before this major terminological revisionism: minor genres, cartoons, detective stories, blockbusters; just as it calls *music* what was not meant by the word *music* in the previous, cultivated language.

Culture and music, in this new, petit bourgeois, sense—popular culture, popular music—have become universal, and they are the very essence of dictatorship, because there is no escaping them. The class for which they mean culture and music is the unique and only class, culturally, musically, because they are the culture and the music of the masses just as they are the culture and the music of the most rarefied social and economic elites. Kings, princes, bankers, multibillionaires, davocrats can be perfect petit bourgeois because that is what they are culturally. Princess Diana was the quintessence of the petite bourgeoisie, and so is the Monaco dynasty. The natural milieu of presidents, ministers and corporate managers alike is not poets or philosophers like that of Renaissance or 18th century sovereigns, but second rate comic actors, pop singers and night club owners: they congregate as often as their respective careers allow, and spend their holidays together. Individuals can still be very cultivated in the old, pre-petit-bourgeois, sense of the word; but they are not allowed to form a class, the cultivated class which is indis-

pensable to culture (still in the old sense of the word); and they have to act and speak petit-bourgeois if they want to be understood and to be tolerated among the living, because there is no other language and no other accepted behavior. In any case they are not a problem because they are slowly disappearing, just like Western civilisation is slowly disappearing, or Europeans, or white people, who have been during a few centuries, for better or worse, the privileged class of the world, its aristocracy, its bourgeoisie. Now the petite-bourgeoisie rules.

That it governs a society devoted to general replacement is perfectly normal, or, should I say, *natural*—that is, of course, *cultural*. The petite bourgeoisie is *par excellence* the class of replacement. *Substitution* is of its essence. It is the only class not to have a name of its own. One says *aristocracy*, or *nobility*, *bourgeoisie*, *proletariat*: the petite bourgeoisie is a bourgeoisie which is not really one, a minor variation on one, a fake version of it. It might also well be, while buzy imitating the bourgeoisie, a proletariat that dares

not speak its name, as it would certainly seem so, its ruling of the world obviously coinciding with the fast proletarisation of it. In any case imitation, substitution, mimicry, are at the core of its being, as they are the foundation of Global Replacism—those two were made for each other.

More specifically, the petite-bourgeoisie, being global itself, necessarily implies, country by country, the Great Replacement, and makes it unavoidable. Being the only possible class, it de facto abolishes the social hierarchy (reduced to mere differences of income), and with it the social division of labour. Still, the same number of social tasks remain to be accomplished, and those are not equal in prestige, attractiveness or generated income: they are equal only in necessity. Society will always need street sweepers and grammarians, who are only language sweepers anyway, but need much more time to be trained. If the division of labour cannot be carried out or covered by the social hierarchy of classes, it will have to be carried out by the social hierarchy of peoples, or races, which is structurally

very similar to the former, with Europeans and North-Americans, not to say the White people, having been for two or three centuries, for better or worse, the military aristocracy of the world, then its merchant bourgeoisie. If a given society, or country, wants ninety per cent of its population to have their way open to college and university, it will quickly have forty per cent of migrants, or immigrants, or descendants of migrants. That is automatic, even if my figures are, as usual, totally approximative. Having ninety per cent of people with a diploma such as the French "baccalaureat', with academic access to higher education, will bring about no progress whatsoever in knowledge, culture and civilisation (quite to the contrary, it will mean the cultural collapse of all cultural institutions, as we daily see), but it will inevitably bring about the change of people, ethnic replacement, the genocide by substitution: if everybody has a college degree, by definition there will be no more "people"; and the amphibology between the two meanings of the world will soon show its limits—no people, no people; no working class, no nation (but

the same is true of the educated class, *la classe cultivée*).

If a given people notices that, as a consequence of its social or educational system, some essential tasks are not performed anymore, amongst its citizens, what it must change is its social and educational system, not its ethnic composition. Countries such as Japan, Korea, Hungary, Poland, which have been wise enough to protect their racial and cultural homogeneity, do not know how fortunate they are (or maybe they do). They should be registred in the World Humanity Heritage Site. Not only are they relatively protected from the worst forms of violence and domestic strife, they also defend diversity and that most precious form of biodiversity, *human* biodiversity. The only coherent ecologists are those who fight for the happy conservation of all races, peoples, cultures, languages, ethnic groups and civilisations, as well as for animal and plant biodiversity; and who are convinced of the absolute necessity of an urgent *demographic*, at least, decrease. The most developed peoples are well aware,

if not always on a conscious level, of this urgency; and, left to themselves, would happily decrease in number, for the greater good of the Earth. But the replacist forces will not hear of it, and replace them with populations with a higher fertility rate, on the assumption that demographic growth will bring about economic or at least *financial* growth: it often does so for a while; but it cannot last for ever, no growth can, especially this one as it also brings destitution, violence, depletion of natural resources, climate change, biodiversity disaster, the destruction of traditional landscapes, the disappearance of natural beauty, land artificialisation and the universal shantytown.

The phrase *genocide by substitut*ion was coined by the French black poet Aimé Césaire, the communist mayor, for fifty-six years, of Fort-de-France, on the island of Martinique, in the French Caribbean: he was referring to the exaggerated (in his view) inflow of people from mainland France into the archipelago. But the phrase applies more rigorously to what is happening nowadays

to the indigenous peoples of Europe and to the white population of North-America. The Great Replacement is a genocide by substitution. A first genocide, that of the Jews, because of its horror and enormity, has put language and thought in such confusion and disarray, in the West, that they offer no protection whatsoever against a second one, admittedly very different, that of the Whites. The current "caravane" of Hispanics, that is, for the most part, *Indians*—those who were strangely enough called *the red race*, in ancient and naive classification —, plainly show how two opposite conceptions of the world are in rivalry with each other, as these people walk across Mexico towards the United States, where they intend to establish themselves. If one relies upon the way of thinking which has set those walkers on their way, there are no more nations, states, frontiers, that matter. Those are things of the past. Countries which are better administrated, freer, economically sounder and more generous in public and social assistance, are at the disposal of countries and peoples which are not so well organized, not so orderly in their poli-

tical procedures, governed by tyrants and cynically exploited by their own rulers. Nations which have built prosperous and orderly civilisations, and which have bent their history towards that end for centuries, are nothing more than a *right* for those which did not take so much trouble, those which did not have the will, or the brains, or the courage, or the patience, to build up their own destiny.

To the possibility of changing people, for the governments which find theirs too expensive, too unruly, not diversified enough or insufficiently eager to reproduce and multiply—the famous change of people by its unsatisfied government, jokingly suggested to East Germany by Bertolt Brecht, and which has become such a sorry reality for so many countries in Europe...—must now be added the possibility, for the peoples which are not pleased with their native surroundings, or with their social and cultural environment (even if it is the result of their own doing, or lack of), to change country. Both changes, of people by discontented governments, of country by dissatisfied peoples, are busily or-

chestrated by the Davocracy, the financial management of the world and industrial management of man by Davos and high finance. To the antique school division of humanity in four races, unscientific as it was, Davocracy tends to substitute a new one, enormously unbalanced but much simpler, Davocrats and the rest of the world. Amongst that rest of the world, the Whites (except the Davocrats amongst them) should be the first to go: apparently all the other races already see them as a white page, a blank spot on the map, an absence, a hollow, something which can be disposed of and occupied, conquered, replaced; in the eyes of many non-Whites they are already dead, obliterated, erased.

I have said time and again that Great Replacement was neither a theory nor a concept. I wish to God it had been that, and nothing else, instead of being an horrible tragedy, a monstrous crime against humanity, an ecological and biodiversitarian disaster. The Great Replacement is not a theory, it is a ghastly fact, and a name for it, adequate to a degree, like The tGreat Plague, The Great Fire, The

Great War or The Great Depression. *Replacism*, on the other hand, or more precisely *Global Replacism*, might be a theory, an attempt at interpreting a system and, by the same token, a name given to it by theory, as interpretation. Global Replacism is, to my mind, one of the two totalitarian systems which are currently competing for the mastery of the West—the other one being of course Islam. For the time being those two are allies, Replacism and Islam, and they are using each other to progress and score points, and to get rid of minor opponents, such are the existing nations. The unspoken pact between them is rather similar to Nazi-Soviet pact, from 1939 to 1941, between Nazi Germany and Communist Russia. Only it is lasting for much longer, just like the Second Occupation, 1975-20.., lasts for much longer than the first one, 1940-1945. But the Islamo-Replacist pact cannot last for ever, because Replacism and Islam are natural ennemies. Replacism is rather grossly materialistic and Islam, although it supplies to Replacism its biggest replacing contingents, is not in the least replacist: quite the contrary, it

is ardently identitarian (and that is precisely what makes it so strong).

I have tried on several occasions to sum up (through tweets!) the genealogy of Replacism and its present marital status. It could run more or less like this: Replacism, the son of Antiracism and High Finance (themselves, respectively son of Egalitarianism and Anti-Facism, and daughter of Taylorisation and Ultraliberalism, granddaughter of Industrial Revolution and Capitalism) marries Petite-Bourgeoisie, daugter of Democratization and Welfare State, grand-daughter of French Revolution and Proletariat. Several of those names are names of dynasties, that have been running for several generations. It is notably the case of Industrial Revolution, whose dowry provides the opulence of the whole tribe. Central here to the family tree is Taylorisation, and, before that, plain Taylorism.

Frederick Winslow Taylor is the central figure of the history of Replacism, or pre-Replacism. Although he is certainly not a figure of comparable intellectual scope, he is to Replacism what Marx is to Communism.

That, of course, is an enormous responsibility. As writes his more recent editor, "Frederick Taylor has blood upon his hands". I certainly agree with that: not only blood but sweat, tears, UHM (Undifferentiated Human Matter), not to mention mad cows and deaths by drowning, across the Mediterranean. And as he wrote himself, "In the past, the man has been first; in the future the machine must be first". In other words, man will be replaced by machines (robots, electronics, computers, numbers, statistics). From a movie buff's point of view, Global Replacism is *Metropolis* + *Modern Times* + *Soylent Green*.

Taylor's central concept is that of *normalization*, or *standardization*. Products, objects, instruments, machine parts will cost less, in time and money, and will henceforth yield bigger profits, if they are the same and can be easily exchanged with one another. Taylorisation is always a process towards the same, the sameness of the world, its looking like itself (but, consequently, *not* being it). Standardisation is a *similarisation*, but this word has two meanings which, although very si-

milar, must not be confused. Making things, objects, products *similar* to each other means that they will look and may be be the same, but it also means that they won't be exactly what they were, that to look or be like other objects, instruments, piece of mechanics or products they will have to be similis, copies, imitations, same as others but, by this very fact, different from their original version. Imitation, reproduction, factitiousness, are at the very core of the Taylorian revolution, which amounts to nothing less than a second Industrial Revolution. Imitation for the sake of mass production, precipitating the era of mass reproduction so well observed and analyzed by Walter Benjamin (and so well exploited by Andy Warhol, Pop Art and Pop Music), is what made Taylorism particularly appropriate and suitable for the advent of the petite-bourgeoisie as the new ruling class, which it certainly helped to achieve.

Lack of authenticity, falseness, counterfeiting, imitation, *low-cost* are central to Global Replacism as they are, although to a lesser degree, to both its close relatives,

Taylorism and the petite-bourgeoisie. Petite-bourgeoisie had the signal luck to see its accession to power as the cultural ruling class coincide with a formidable and unprecedented development of the techniques of influence, suggestion and mind control. No other ruling class before it had had at its disposal even remotely comparable means to dictate the narrative it wanted to impose. This narrative could be negative as well as positive. It could imprint upon the mind of the public the fiction that what was actually happening was *not* happening, as well as the no less fictitious persuasion that what was *not* happening *was* actually happening. It could also lie about the reasons for what was happening, and even about the reasons of what it pretended was not happening.

The main field of lying in Europe and especially in France in the last three or four decades is of course the most important phenomenon to have taken place there during that period, and probably during the fifteen centuries of the history of the country: mass immigration, the ethnic submersion, the change

of people and of civilisation, namely The Great Replacement. It was entirely denied, and with great success, at the very moment when it was happening, and just as was denied the no less evident collapse of the French educationnal system, or the dramatic and obvious downfall, both in France and abroad, of French culture. Contemporary negationism is the negation of Great Replacement: the stupefying pretense that the most enormous and obvious event of our time, a vicissitude as gigantic as Secession War or First World War, is actually *not* happening.

Immigration, which was bought long time ago as a decorative lizard, has become in the meantime an enormous crocodile occupying half the drawing-room, but the general convention is to pretend not to notice and to mind one's business exactly as if the beast was not there. Once in a while, when he is in the mood, and that is more and more often the case, he tears off and devours a leg or a arm, but people go on handling tea cups and discussing train timetables or the advisability of changing the wallpa-

per over him as if he was some kind of disconstructed sofa, blood all over the chairs and the carpet notwithstanding. As a matter of fact all discussions on *any* subject, whether it is carceral overpopulation, insecurity, the balance of public deficits, incivility in the classroom or the housing crisis are totally vain, empty and meaningless, an exercice in nothingness, hot air being blown, as long as they do not take into account, and they never do, the ethnic submersion, which is by far the main factor conditioning all of them, and compared to which, no matter how serious they might be—world financial crisis or unemployment—they are of secondary importance. The Great Replacement is entirely denied. The fictitious agreement is that no such thing is happening (and that to insist that it is is but a "conspiracy theory").

As for an example of *positive* fiction, it is no more difficult to find. One of the first to come to mind is the invention of the "refugee" figure. Power today is essentially the power to invent and impose stories. Hundreds of thousands of Africans are

flooding the southern coasts of Europe, millions have already made their home there, and the word used to designate them is that of *refugees*. There are no wars presently going on in Africa, only minor local conflicts, and the huge majority of migrants are not fleeing them. In truth the huge majority of migrants are not refugees at all, but from the gross incompetence, carelessness and corruption of most of their governments, and from their own reluctance to take in their own hands, collectively, as all other peoples have done before them, the historical destiny of their respective nations. They find it easier to go and take advantage of more comfortable civilisations, while not realising, apparently, that that well-being and that relative order they envy is the result of long collective efforts, constraints, self-denials, and will be reduced to naught by their mere arrival, since they are not part of that history and have not been taught for generations how to behave in order to make that specific society last and thrive. The truth of what is going on is the decanting of one continent into another, and that has very little to do, if anything, with

refugees or *asylum*. There are absolutely no common proportions between the major cataclysm of Global Replacement and the local humanitarian tragedies which create real refugees. Replacers are *not* refugees. Invaders are *not* asylum-seekers. Asylum is for individuals, not for entire peoples or, virtually, for the population of a whole continent. And if one needed further proof that the mass of migrants are not refugees or asylum seekers at all but imported human material, substitute population, *replacers*, there is the much proclaimed necessity, by those who make they come, that they learn the language, that they find a job, in short that they melt with the general population and be *integrated*. Never a word is said about their coming back where they came from, if only after a while. Is that not what being a refugee is all about, after all? Is that not what is implied by the very gesture of seeking asylum? Welcoming a refugee is offering him a place to rest for a given period, a chance to escape persecution, an opportunity to reconstitute his forces before going back to his fights for liberty, dignity and a normal life in his own country.

There is never the slightest mention of such a process in the discourse of the diverse replacist powers. According to them, replacers are here to stay and congregate with us to form a new people, even a new *kind* of people, multicultural and pluri-ethnic. And if we are not pleased with that script as it is imposed upon us, then it is for *us* to leave because we are fascists, or racists, or conspiracy seekers; and certainly not for them, the replacers, who are better Frenchmen, or Englishmen, or Germans than we are, anyway, because they are more open to change, especially the change of people.

Fiction, either negative and positive, either repressive, suppressive of reality or creative of myths, of lies, of fake-news, is so central to the remplacist society that I had to coin the word *falseal* (or *fakeal*?), *le faussel*, symmetrical and opposed to *real*, to describe and take into account the world of false reality, of the inverted real, of general falsehood we live in.

Falseal is the non-stop creation of the Industries of Daze, a colossal conglome-

rate whichs operates in three principal fields: schools, and the educational system in general, buzy providing lessons in forgetfulness, the teaching of oblivion; mass dumbing down, operated by the media, the Press, television, the show business, advertising industry, keen to offer, as films and series do, permanent misrepresentations of everything, particularly of races relations, much more intense in their images than they are in reality, with crossbreeding given as an obsessive example, its omnipresence amounting, like all the rest, to uninterrupted propaganda; and, finally, drug, of which it is interesting to note that, if the other two departments are still largely in replacists hands, this one, at least as far as distribution goes, is already the replacers' reserved domain.

We live in a world where everything is false, fake, untrue: not only phrases, statements, facts, statistics, images, gestures, but objects and actions themselves, materials, houses, food, substances, travelling, being, all affected by the universe of industrial reproduction and *low-cost*; although one must bear

in mind that *low-cost* for the producer does not necessarily mean *low-cost* for the consumer. *Low cost* first appears as a cheap variant for the poor, a substitute to the real thing for the needy; but it fast becomes the norm, the norm of Taylorian normalisation. At that point it only has, for the imitation to be complete, to get back to the price of the original item—unless of course the producer finds it profitable to keep that item low cost, in order to draw more customers. In any case the proletarisation of the world progresses, brought about, strangely enough, by the dictatorship of the petite-bourgeoisie, as exerted economically, and politically (but politics are more and more replaced by mere management) by the petit-bourgeois hyper-rich, the petit-bourgeois hyperclass.

Confused on the one hand with culture and more and more, on the other, with leisure and mere entertainment, tourism has become, in many a case, falsely seeing what has been made false for this false examination.

The worst cases in *falseal*, *fakeal*, *fakreal*, whatever, occur when the names are kept.

Things, beings, feelings have totally changed or have been turned into their contrary, but they have kept their old names, the name of what they are no more, *French*, *culture*, *information*, but which someone, a person, a group, a State, a political party, a coalition of interests, has decided to give to the new entity, which will have to share it with the old, thus creating a lot of confusion and adding to the general sense of daze. We are here at the centre of my original political concern, which I treated in a fat book untitled *Du sens*, *On Meaning*, my central laboratory for all ulterior personal reflection.

My idea was, and still is, that the central debate in Plato's *Cratyle*, which is essentially on language, words, etymology, can be immensely enlarged and made to embrace the whole world, and describe our perception and interpretation of it.

Hermogene, Cratyle's contender, thinks that words are just words. They have no meaning of their own and no free will. They mean what their common users have decided they would mean, and nothing else; and

if the same common users, or others, decide to change that meaning, then it will be changed, whether that pleases the speakers or not. Meaning is but a pure convention, a contract, a deliberation, a pact, an agreement.

For Cratyle, on the contrary, words are just as many survivors of time, and their letters and syllables have much to say about their signification and their long journey throughout the centuries. What they are and what they mean do not depend on some arbitrary decision, but on their origin, and on the origin of that origin, and on their endless run uphill in the nervous stream of history, like a salmon swimming counter-current towards the singing spring. Do words like *French* or *British* refer to an administrative stamp on some legal document, or to an ancestry, a long experience, a shared history, blood, race, love, culture, civilisation?

Nouns and adjectives pertaining to nationalities are probably the best and simplest testimonies that for every given word there exists a mute and ferocious rivalry between its Hermogenian meaning—the superficial, ad-

ministrative, official, legal, scientific, triumphant one, with its ID papers always in perfect order—and its Cratylian meaning, real, deep, profond, hard to explain, poetic and literary.

Hermogene, champion of stamping, and who has easier, simpler, more authoritative (be it only the authority of the law, or of dictionaries) ways of playing the game, or running the war, always wins. It is highly probable, though, that he has never won more than he is winning *now*, if only because a Taylorian world of normalization, standardization, general substitution, badly needs the power to name things and people pretty much as it pleases. An industrially processed, lyophilized dish of truffle raviolis will have 0,2 % truffle in it, or no truffle at all, but will still be called *truffle raviolis* if commercial norms authorize it, and even, sometimes, if they do not. Nominalism is essential to the *fakeal*. It is of the utmost importance to it that things, being not what they are, don the name of what they are not. Language, this way, becomes totally corrupted. *Quartiers po-*

pulaires, in French, popular districts, refer to districts from which the original, indigeneous people, have been expelled:

"Moktar Ben Moktar, that will sound good on the [electoral] list. Such a name will draw votes from *les quartiers populaires*".

Des jeunes, *youngsters*, is not supposed to mean that delinquents are young, although they are, but that they are not of European origin. If they were so, but they never are, the paper would say *de jeunes Européens*, *young Europeans*. If people in Geneva have to complain about bands of hooligans from across the (French) border, the French press will call them *de jeunes Hauts-Savoyards*, which is supposed to mean they are from the neibourghing *département de Haute-Savoie*, whereby every reader will understand that they are not from Savoyard stock. Journalists even change the names and sides of criminals, for fear of creating racial prejudice; and for the much greater fear of being called *racists*.

« In every place where there is nothing, read that I love you », Diderot wrote famously to his mistress, Sophie Volland. I

every place where there is no name, read that the criminal is not European: such is the convention between the press and its subscribers; if he was, his name would be given.

In any case readers and radio or television audiences in France and, I suppose, everywhere in Europe—except Eastern Europe, which does not live under the tyranny of inverted language—have all become, by force, formidable cryptologists. They all read, hear and understand the words underneath the words, and underneath the blanks, and the silences. But very often they are afraid to translate them even into their minds, and stubbornly refuse to understand what they understand.

Hermogene always wins, but Cratyle never loses completely. Moreover he always returns, rising again from the grave. He has a lot in common with Lazarus, whom Christ resuscitated. In real Athens there was a philosopher going by the name of Cratyle, at the time of Plato. Some seem to think he was from Jerusalem. As I have often said, I have a Lazarusean conception of fatherland.

France, at least twice in its history, at the time of Joan of Arc and that of Charles de Gaulle, could have been pronounced clinically dead, and returned amongst the living. The Hebrew language has been restored to life after centuries. Who says the same could not be done with French culture and civilisation? We are not even dead.

Frederick Taylor's most famous and most successfull disciple, the one who applied his views with the utmost rigor and efficiency, was of course Henry Ford. Ford had the brilliant idea of his own, though, producing cars that were cheap enough—that is to say *standardized* enough—that the very workers who were producing them, for him, would buy them, from him. Producers and consumers were merging into one, producers were becoming consumers. Today, Global Replacism has gone one step further, producer-consumer has become the product. As the popular saying goes, "If you are not paying for the product, you are the product". But in fact you might be the product even whilst paying for it.

It has been much said that mass immigration has been schemed and provoked by industrialists and other employers who wanted a cheap workforce and a means to check the increases in wages demanded by native workers and unions. That was largely true, and still is, in part, but for many years now it has not been not so much workers but *consumers* that Global Replacism has been importing by the millions. Readers will object that those replacers have no money: how could they be consumers? And indeed they have no money, even though they often seem remarkably well equipped with technological gadgets and communications devices. They have no money but they will need housing, roads, bridges, hospitals for their health, schools for their children, stadiums and theaters for their leisure time, mosques for their faith and community affiliations, cars, domestic and electronic appliances and so on. They have no money but that is not a problem because they will have that of the *remplacees*, the indigenous population—by wich I do not mean that they will steal it from them, although that may happen; but that the so-called *social be-*

nefits are in fact *racial benefits*, from the *colonized people* to the the *colonizing one*, via the colonialists; from the *replacees* to the *replacers*, via the *replacists*.

In France, very absurdly, only forty-eight per cent of the citizens have to pay income tax, while fifty-two per cent do not. It would be interesting to know the respective proportion of replacers and remplacees in both groups. One would probably discover that it is replacees who are largely paying for their own replacement.

The economics of Global Replacism, as a matter of fact, has a few original, or *almost* original, traits: as slavery before it, it is triangular, for instance—just as the people who want and organize the Great Replacement are not the people who accomplish it, the consumers are not the payers. *Social* is another good example of those lying words, words of substitution, to which I was alluding earlier. Just as *social benefits* are in fact *racial benefits*, *social housing* is in fact *racial housing*. *Davocracy* always insists on the building of *social housing*, as if it were building

it for the poor and the needy amongst the native people. Towns which do not provide sufficient *social housing* have to pay vey heavy fines. Some, if they can afford it, will pay those fines rather than have their population transformed. They valiantly resist colonisation, conquest, genocide by substitution. But they cannot resist for long. The replacist power wants multiculturalism, deculturation, ethnic submersion, and it wants them *everywhere*, down to the remotest villages. The new human Nutella spread must be spread out evenly on the territory—forgotten corners, poles of resistance and Gallic villages shall not be tolerated.

Henry Ford was of course highly anti-Semitic and a great sympathizer of Nazi ideas and ideals. This admiration was entirely reciprocated, and Adolf Hitler had a portrait of Ford in his office at the chancery. When Chaplin sharply criticized Ford and fordism in *Modern Times*, and the Hitler and Hitlerism in *The Dictator*, he was in fact fighting the same enemy, under different guises. The Ford factories in Germany were adja-

cent to concentration camps, and there were exchanges of task forces and industrial methods between them. One always sees the concentrationnary universe as a major destructive attack against the Jews, and one is of course perfectly right. But it is now high time now to contemplate it *also* as a major attack against man himself, against the humanity of the human being.

"The means to destroy are getting more perfectionnate every day, wrote Bernanos in 1948, and modern world, in its prodigious unconsciousness, is getting more and more vulnerable. That is because it wants to hear only about Technique, and Technique only knows high interest. Since concentration is good for high interest, modernworld, like it or not, will be concentrationnary[1]."

We are here at the core of a sombre debate between my friend, or should I say *former* friend, unfortunately, Alain Finkielkraut,

1. *Français, si vous saviez* [*Frenchmen, if you only knew...*], *Essais et écrits de combat II*, bibliothèque de la Pléiade, Gallimard, p. 1209, 9 mars 1948).

and I about Death Camps and the Extermination of the Jews. Both positions seem to me to be perfectly honourable, and they should not, in my opinion, affect worthiness and friendship. Neither of them, needless to say (I hope), reduces the horror of the crime committed, nor the responsibility of the executioner in the slightest. For one, Finkielkraut's, Death Camps are a unicum, a one-of-a-kind tragedy which must stay totally isolated when analysed, and not to be compared to anything else. For the other, mine, it is the epicentre, the Heart of Darkness, the worst episode of a story that began long beforehand and which is far from being finished. Upstream: the Industrial Revolution, Taylor, Ford, *Metropolis*, *Modern Times* (and of course the racist heritage). Downstream: the Technological Revolution, the Cultural Revolution, Pol-Pot, *The Small Replacement*, *Soylent Green* (and of course the antiracist ideology).

The relation between concentration, replacement and space, especially space division, is also called to attention by the French philosopher and metaphysician Georges

Gusdorf, whose thought, at times, reminds one of that of his contemporary Gunther Anders, the great theorician of *The Obsolescence of Man*, to whom my own reflexion is very much indebted:

"One could even say that one of the tragedies of our times consists of the increasing disqualification of human space. The natural milieu is more and more obliterated, crossed out by the settlement of technique' new milieu. Spatial structures tend to become more and more homogeneous, the differences between the sites is blurred by the growing monotony and uniformity of the ways of living. All cities tend to look alike, as all houses do, all flats, all lives as well as all the political regimes. Modern uprooting makes men interchangeable. For that matter the value of individuals seems to go down at the same time as that of places, and the modern man is wondering with anguish whether there will soon

be nothing but people being displaced in a concentrationnary universe.[1]"

In Hong-Kong, workers from continental China live in boxes where they cannot stand up, and this in order to be near a job which brings them just enough money to pay for their cage. Everywhere, under the pressure of overpopulation and demographic growth, such as profit wants it, space is becoming ever rarer and more precious, and it is being divided and divided again, not only spatially, *as space*, and that to an absurd degree, but also in time, *as time*: people who shares a flat divide its surface and its rooms between them, but they may also divide the time allocated to each of them: one roommate may use a room or a bed from 8p.m.. to 8a.m., say, and the other roommate from 8a.m. to 8p.m. As mentioned before, with the migrants flocking all over the place, the most beautiful cities in the world are turning into slums, shantytowns, waste grounds, devasta-

1. *Mythe et Métaphysique*, 1953, CNRS reprint, 2012, p. 238.

ted by stupor and hyperviolence. The point is not to make comparisons, of course, between Hong-Kong's boxes for human beings and Auschwitz's bedsteads; it is only to remark that they belong to the same story: that of the dehumanization of man, its reduction to the status or non-status of an object—gold, skin for shades, *Undifferentiated Human Matter*.

Cities, great capitals, metropolis such as Babylon, Rome, Paris or London have been for millennia the home of refinement, delicacy of manners, intellectual life and culture, to such an extent that the word *civilisation* comes from their name, as did the thing itself from their walls, streets, squares, palaces, mansions, cafés, theatres, gardens and drawing-rooms; but today it seems to @be the opposite. "Multicultural" metropolis seem to be the centres from which hyperviolence spread itself over the world; they are becoming very dirty, dilapidated and dangerous, and to travellers and to their own inhabitants alike they inspire less and less desire, excepts may be for those who practice all the forms of nocence. Civilisation

appears to have withdrawn into the depths of the ultimate forests and inside the last books, and if that is so it should change its name—*ruralisation*? *sylvanisation*?

What makes Replacism so strong is its alliance with antiracism—that is, with *goodness*, with the empire of the Good. The experience of Nazism, which it had observed up close, and even from the inside, as Ford's just reminded us (but one could mention many other names), had taught it that a genocide, and a fortiori a *speciescide*, to be entirely successfull, needs to be perpetrated not in the name of evil, but in the name of goodness, virtue, human fraternity. A crime against humanity that does not grant you a Nobel Prize for Peace has not been conducted according to modern standards.

High Finance was an old lady of practically unlimited means but execrable reputation. She was well aware of being obliged, in a pan-mediatic society, where one's "image" is eveything, to try and build a better one for herself. Someone introduced to her Antiracism, a popular young man of im-

peccable credentials (at that time), numerous relations, high ambitions and little money. Contrary to what one may have thought, those two soon discovered they had a lot in common, notably the hatred of segregation, discrimination, borders, frontiers and the like, everything that might lead to a distinction between human beings. They were also highly complementary. Antiracism provided the couple with a good name and with absolute protection against all criticism: how could anyone criticize virtue, goodness, generosity, equality, fraternity between people from all walks of life? Finance provided it with money, power, total mastery of the media—all the more so that money and power, thanks to that unexpected union, had virtue on their side, which might one day come handy, and it did, to alleviate the qualms of a few idealistic or extremely naive journalists.

That unique combination, money and virtue (or the image thereof), power and righteousness, traditionnal business interests of the right and no less traditional moral ideals of the left, is in my opinion what makes

Replacism such a formidable enemy, so formidable indeed that one often wonders if there is any point in trying to fight it, so strong as it appears to be—as if the ruthless power, in the upper district of Metropolis, had, to top it all and make it worse, the capacity to project to the world the gentle image of the soft social order found in the Alpine pastures of *The Sound of Music*. The name I give to it, R*eplacism*, *Global Replacism*, is of my own creation, and that makes an important difference from previous political totalitarianisms, *Communism*, *Nazism*, *Fascism*, which had chosen their own designation. Nevertheless *Replacism* seems to me an apt description, and well suited to show why and how that ideology, devoted to promoting the replaceabilility of everything, man emphatically included, is indeed a totalitarianism whose only rival as such, for the mastery of the world to-day, is Islam.

Proposing a name and a description for a society not otherwise designated exposed me very much to the accusation of promoting a *conspiracy theory*. The theory of conspiracy

theory is one of the most effective, catchy and brilliant inventions of the ideological power and its executive clique, the media, to discourage any reflection on its own workings, on the nature of its power and on the crimes it might have committed. The theory, and the accusation of which it is the name, amalgamates all conspiracy theories into one, whose model are the most eccentric views about the attacks of September eleven against the Twin Towers and the Pentagon. But just as being paranoid does not mean you have no enemy, as the overused but true saying goes, accusing everyone whose views differ from yours of being an adept of some conspiracy theory does not mean there is no plot and no conspiracy.

Personally I have never imagined that a group of people with evil intentions congregated one day in some big luxurious executive room and decided that they would change the population of Europe for a cheaper one that would grow faster in quantity. I think it is more evil than that. Some people incriminate the Jews, others incriminate the Euro-

pean Union, some think Wall Street or the IMF are entirely responsible. There might be some truth in any of those assumptions, but I would rather think of some enormous, bizarre and complex processes, so intricate that no one can understand perfectly how they work and why, and no one can master and stop them once they are started. They are very much started. It is for us to break the machines which churn out men like other churn out cookies, or Nutella, or surimi. The problem, as I see it, is not so much the replacement of men by robots as the replacement of robots by men, dazed machines made of flesh, covered in diplomas, extremely violent to one another but fundamentally obedient to the general plan.

It would be surprising that the Jews should be the ones mainly responsible for a phenomenon, the Great Replacement, of which they are the very first victims. The change of population in Europe has brought about overall and growing insecurity, which makes daily life very difficult, if not downright impossible, for a number of Jews who

are almost permanently exposed to very strong Muslim agressiveness, modern anti-Zionism flourishing both as a form of exasperation and as an excuse, a more decent cover, for very classical Arab and Muslim anti-Semitism. As for classical occidental European anti-Semitism, it is like a derelict shop in the dilapidated historical downtown, now entirely driven out of business, and fashion, by the enormous shopping malls, in the *banlieues*, ominously favoured by replacist or "antiracist" power. A number of Jewish communities in Europe who had survived the Holocaust do not survive the Great Replacement. Thousands of French Jews are leaving the country each year, choosing to make their Alyah because they feel they have no choice. This, on top of personal feelings, is one of the reasons why I was deeply shocked to learn that, during the notorious anti-remplacist demonstration in Charlottesville, in 2017, next to the people who were shouting *You will not replace us!*, which, of course, I thoroughly and enthusiastically approve of, as the very cry against post-humanism, some, a minority, and a very small one I hope—I

am very much accustomed to the ways of the mainstream press, and I know their delight in mentioning as central, in the actions of their adversaries, what was in fact totally marginal—were shouting *Jews will not replace Us!* It is not the Jews that are replacing you. Taylor was not a Jew. Ford was not a Jew, and indeed, as we have seen, he was highly anti-Ssemitic. Soros is, admittedly, Jewish, and he does play an essential part in Global Replacism, as have done, on a smaller scale and with much more limited means, many a Jewish intellectual, journalist, columnist or writer, red-hot promoters in their time of massive immigration, or mass migration. But this has perceptibly changed, fortunately (from my point of view); and the proportion of remplacist Jews and anti-remplacist Jews is now almost reversed. In any case, Jews are very much divided on that issue, which makes them no different from any other community.

To that must be added that Israel belonging to the Jewish People, with Jerusalem as its capital, is the model and the essential re-

ference, at least in Western culture and civilization, to all sense of belonging. If those three did not belong to each other, it would be the end of all belonging. That specific link is so essential that it is, so to speak, the gold-exchange standard all other links. If Jerusalem were not Jewish there would be no reason for Paris or Saint-Denis to be for ever French; for London or Winchester to be English, or indeed for Washington or Concord to be American—at least not in a *cratylian* world [1], that is, in my way of thinking, that of art, literature, language, memory, culture, sense, order, in-nocence and civilisation.

As for the European Union it is of course largely responsible for the disastrous state of the continent, invaded and occupied by peoples foreign to it, and who turn its territory into a shantytown. It has, indeed, betrayed a lot. The question is to know whether it has betrayed and goes on betraying because of its very structure, and therefore it would do the same with different people running

1. cf. supra, p. .

it, or if betrayal is just the natural result of a certain kind of government, and a certain kind of people running it. After all, many people tend to think their own national government, notably in France, has betrayed or sold them out just as shamelessly: they would like to change it for another one, more protective of what they are, and what the country is, but they don't want, just for that reason, to suppress France, or its political organisation. Why should one want to suppress the European Union, or at least have one's country leave it, just because one does not like its policies? One should be more ambitious, should want to seize power inside it, and radically change its ways and modes of managing things. Europe, one should take hold of it, not leave it. One should expel Africa from it, not exit it. I was personally much saddened by *Brexit*, because I think Europe without Britain, which is a major and essential component of its civilisation, is not Europe at all. The continent being invaded, the nations which are part of it should stick together and resist, not try and find salvation one by one, in dispersion and isolation. Just

as I am writing this short book, Italy is refusing to take in more of the so-called "migrants", which I thoroughly approve of, but is fighting with other European countries for a fair distribution of them. There is no such thing as a "fair distribution" of them. If *invaders* refer to what they really are, and it does so, they should not be distributed among European countries, but sent back to where they belong. This tends to show how the problem, being a matter of life and death for the continent and its civilisation, cannot and will not be solved in one country only, or one by one. It is a matter of civilisation on a continental scale. So called "sovereignists" lose a lot of time and energy, not to mention elections, by concentrating their attacks on Brussels and neglecting the invasion. They are like resistant fighters, during the First Occupation in France, who would be so busy fighting Vichy that they would completely forget about the Germans.

Of course Vichy should not have been forgotten, that is not what I mean at all—and neither should Brussels. In fact Brussels is

the new Vichy, the Vichy of Europe, the Vichy of the Second Occupation: its name is so strongly associated with treason, collaboration, Replacism, that I think the city should be replaced, as capital, after the territory has been liberated, and remigration achieved. I am personally favourable to a Europe of Nations, a Confederacy, with a clear division of attributions between nations-states and the confederal power, with Vienna as its capital, and an elected president in Schönbrunn. Vienna is an imperial city long deprived of an Empire, and it is ideally located at the centre of the continent, exactly at the crossroads of Northern, Southern, Eastern and Western Europe. It would be a magnificent symbol of the will of this part of the world to take part again in history.

When did it start leaving it? After the horrors of the Second World War—the famous *Never Again*, again. As the main States on the continent, victors, vanquished, or in-betweens (most were in-betweens), were slowly fading into the status of second rate powers, Europe itself, which could have been

a major one, was deciding against it and preferred, shameful and exhausted as it was, being a ghost, a living non-entity, secure in the scilly, pretentious thought that there would be no history as long as it would be taking no part in it[1]. Eastern Europe was occupied by the Soviets. I admit being shocked when a great writer like Pascal Quignard speaks, for France and Western Europe in general, of *L'Occupation américaine*, the American Occupation. That is being unfair to our liberators. But it is true that we have been culturally colonised and that the americanisation of life has been a major part of the setting up of *La Dictature de la petite bourgeoisie*—the United States, being, at least at the beginning of its existence, without a history or a cultural heritage, was very much from the start a petit-bourgeois, highly egalitarian society; and most (but, of course, *not all*: Dickinson, Whitman, James, Ives, Faulkner,

1. *Ørop, a lost tale by Hans Christian Andersen*, Chez l'auteur, 2014. This political children's story attributed to Andersen has been collected in the latest editions of *Le Grand Remplacement*, Chez l'auteur / Amazon.

Twombly...) of its (enormous) contributions to European culture came under the chapter of popular culture, show business or entertainment. These contributions have been so extensive that someone once said in jest, when we Europeans started to be subjected to another, more brutal and more direct colonisation, that we were submitted to an islamisation of our americanisation. There was a lot of truth in that. We would have been much less easily islamised and africanised if we had been less americanised (and petit-bourgeoised, but that is partly the same thing).

The American colonisation of Europe, although much less severe than the African one, because it is not demographic, is not only cultural: it is also military—but for that the United States are much less responsible than Europe itself which, out of avarice, cowardice, laziness and that will to escape history that I have just mentionned, has left to its American ally and protector the care of its own defence, giving up in the process the status and dignity of a fully independent conti-

nent, or of a free Union of nations. I am not a very ardent Trump supporter but there are a few points where I totally agree with Donald Trump, and one of the clearest ones is that the United States do not have to be eternally responsible for the security of Europe, whose different states should put up as fast as they could a new, competitive army.

The United States, especially under the presidency of Barack Obama, have shown themselves very favourable to the change of people and civilisation in Europe, and almost impatient to see it made irreversible. In France the American embassy is in close touch with the so-called "quartiers populaires" and has set up à system of grants and fellowships whose laureates have been almost exclusively of African descent, which shows whom the United States consider as the most likely leaders of to-morrow's France. But with Donald Trump America began to realise that it was itself just as menaced by the frightfull Great Remplacement as Europe is. Hence the shouts of *You Will Not Replace Us* at Charlottesville and elsewhere. The truth is

that Europe and the Atlantic are being replaced in the heart, eyes and interests of Americans by Asia and the Pacific Ocean, and that is for a large part the result of a shift in population on the American territory itself. For a growing number of Americans, Europe is not the Old Country anymore, the land of the ancestors. Replacists can be replaced, they are actually being replaced, and if they are not they will soon be. As far as replacement goes, America is at least as much a victim as it is a culprit.

Others mention the UN and the IMF and those are certainly remplacist organisations, quite openly in the case of the UN, who make current use of the word *replacement*, with favorable connotations, and draw regularly attention to the necessity of *replacing* an ageing and dwindling population. The attitude of those institutions on that matter might be found strange, since the vast majority of their member countries are not remplacist in the least, and would find it monstrous to have their own population replaced. But they don't find it

monstruous at all, quite to the contrary, to have their own population replace that of other countries, which amounts for them to achieving a conquest or a colonisation: Turkey's blatant conquest of Germany, Morocco's sparkling self-imposition on Belgium, Algeria's rampant colonisation of France, etc. And the countries thus conquered and colonised, namely the European countries, mostly, plus North-American countries, specially Canada, see no objection to it since *they* are ardently replacist. An admirable combination indeed: antireplacist and replacist countries are of the same mind to promote Great Replacement, and everybody is perfectly happy with that, except, possibly, the replaced populations, who should abominate the process, since it amounts for them to servitude and genocide by substitution; but who do not, because they have been submitted for years to constant propaganda and mind control, through schools ans the media.

A large majority of citizens do not even know this is taking place, even though it is happening in a perfectly evident way right

under their nose, and before their eyes. And, even when they start suspecting something, it is themselves they suspect first, in case they might be called a *racist*, or, even worse, *be* one. They would rather go on being blind than face such an awful risk, one that would shatter their whole existence, and their relationship with their soul, not to mention their relationship with their entourage, wife, husband, lover, employer, employees, neighbours. *Falseal* is stronger than facts. But, in the long run, *Falseal* is not necessarily stronger than truth.

I have enumerated, throughout this short essay, three models that, in my opinion, should inspire us in our fight against the African invasion, the Islamic occupation, the change of people and civilisation, genocide by substitution, in short against the Great Replacement, and against Global Replacism which is its matrix: the fight for independence of oppressed nations, mostly during the 19th century, in the name of the right of peoples to self-determination; resistance to German and Nazi occupation during World

War II; the anticolonialist struggle of colonised peoples and countries, mostly during the 20th century. There is a fourth model, and it is the one which gives the most hope, not only because it was successful, like the other three in a large majority of cases (although not for Tibetans, Kurds, or Berbers...), but because the situation to which it refers is by many aspects the most similar to the one we are experiencing. I am thinking of dissidence and dissidents in their struggle against the Soviet Union and other totalitarian communist countries, such as Czechoslovakia, Hungary or Poland. Dissidents were facing a formidable foe and they had only one weapon, besides their courage, intelligence and determination: truth. But that simple and primitive arm proved all-powerful, because what they were facing was falseness itself, a world where everything was false: lies cemented by fallacy. Such a world can resist for a long time. But every truth jolts it invisibly, and one ultimate truth makes it collapse all at once, like the trumpets resounding at Jericho on the seventh day. Practically nothing is left of the Soviet Union but one of its very few living

inheritances is the *kommunalka*, the notorious shared apartment of Moscow, Leningrad and other cities, with one kitchen for several families, one shared bathroom, and regular altercations in the corridor: only the *kommunalka* has migrated to the West, where every country is a big kommunalka, with the difference that it is not persons or families, bur peoples, that have been forced to live together and share a common space.

There is, I must admit, one point that makes our situation worse than that of the anti-Soviet dissidents, it is that our present *falseal*, or *fakeal*, is much stronger, more sophisticated, more modern and better liked, than the general delusion of the Soviet period. In the words of our member at National Council of European Resistance, Vaclav Klaus, economist and former president of the Czech Republic, "in the last years of communist rule they were more people believing in communism on any American campus than in all Czechoslovakia". Because they had no choice people in the communist world were living and behaving as if the communist prin-

ciples were some sort of eternal law of the universe, but practically no one actually believed that they were true, nor did anyone think they were just.

We are, unfortunately, in a very different situation. A considerable number of people in Europe and North America do believe that Great Replacement is not happening, that there is no colonisation, no foreign conquest, no change of population; and many others, or the same, believe that if such things were actually happening it would be no problem at all, that it would even be a good thing, both from an economic and from a moral point of view. The number of people with such conviction seems to be slowly decreasing, as they witness the distressing reality of the phenomenon, or directly experiment the horrors of *vivre ensemble*; but this number stays amazingly high, especially in its electoral translation, which has stayed obstinately favourable, election after election, so far, at least in France and in other main European nations, either to political parties themselves in favour of mass migration, or to parties about

which it is common knowledge, whatever their official platform, that they will do nothing against it. How can people accept, either enthusiastically or reluctantly, what had been to their ancestors the worst conceivable horror: not having a country they can call their own anymore, being obliged to share it with other peoples which are not especially friendly and easy to live with, slowly or not so slowly being replaced by invaders of other races, other continents, other cultures, other religions or religious views, other civilisations, and with very different mores?

This very year we are celebrating in France, in the United Kingdom, in Belgium, the centenary of the 1918 Victory, which we de not even dare call *Victory* anymore. What would the soldiers of World War I think, after the horrible sacrifices they made, indeed giving up their youth, their health, their comfort and often their lives, if they could see what France, or Belgium, or Great-Britain have become to-day, countries that are violent, dirty, falling apart, third world territories with a third-world popu-

lation, battlefields for very uncough foreign peoples? Would they think this is worthy of their efforts?

Acceptance of the unacceptable is a total mystery, unless one realises that technological progress has made the indutry of illusion and the manufacturing of daze infinitely more efficient than it used to be even in the relatively recent period of the Soviet dictatorship. Mind Control has improved in unimaginable proportions. Information is everywhere; it passes into our utmost intimacy; we even produce it ourselves, for each other, and in the dictatorship of petite-bourgeoisie, as we have seen earlier, everyone is the dictator of all the others. And information at any time is selection, if not invention, in any case influence, propaganda. What happens or does not happen is for the media a creation of every moment. A demonstration of twelve people can be news if replacist interests need them to be so, a demonstration of twelve thousand can very well have no existence whatsoever, even as it does take place, if it does not concur on the change of people,

or might be dommageable to the process. The same is true for individuals: positive references to ethnic substitution and "diversity" will be enough to make their career, be it in art, business or administration, whereas any mention of what must not be mentioned, namely the Great Replacement, will precipitate them down into nothingness and invisibility. In the words of Tocqueville, who seem to have foreseen a tyranny exactly similar to ours:

« You will stay amongst men, but you will lose your rights to humanity. When you get closer to your fellow creatures, they will fly away as from an impure being; and those who will believe in your innocence, even they will desert you, because they would be deserted if they did not. Go in peace: life will not be taken away from you, but it will be worse than death »[1].

The official political sympathies of the media, who are the principal instrument of

1. *Democracy in America*, I,II,vii.

ideological repression—journalists playing all the parts at once, *informer*, *police officer*, *commissar*, *prosecutor*, *judge*, *executioner*—of the Thought Police, are of no significance whatsoever: they all belong to the hyper-rich, and what the hyper-rich want and need to keep on being what they are is the uninterrupted mass production of the factories which churn out Undifferentiated Human Matter (UHM). Nothing else matters to them.

Still. The very perfection of the machines which produce the Fakeal, like those who produce film imitation of life on the island in Bioy Casares' *The Invention of Morel*, might be a weakness, for them, their Achilles' heel. Bernanos already noticed and pointed out how the extreme technicality of the modern world, where man is progressively replaced by machines, was making it much more fragile, much more easily endangered by the slightest incident. We all have in mind recent examples where a tiny glitch has given rise to total chaos for days or weeks at a stretch, in train or plane transportation, for instance, in hospitals, or in the banking sys-

tem. The glitch I suggest, promote and recommand is not tiny at all. *Truth* has a lightning effect, especially on an organism that has been confronted on a daily basis and for years, as the ideal of living together has been, to crushing and often bloodstained denials of its dearest convictions. When the child in his innocence says that the emperor is naked, in Andersen's *The Emperors's New Clothes*, everybody, after a second of stupor, admits seing what everybody sees but has been denying seing for months, or years: namely, that the sovereign is naked. The reversal of opinion, in such a case, can be very fast. The very same enthusiastic crowds who acclaimed general de Gaulle upon his arrival in Paris with the allied liberating forces, in the late August of 1944, had equally be in raptures, a few weeks before, when the eighty-eight-year-old marshall Pétain had paid them a short visit fom Vichy.

The truth is that between *living* and *together*, with the occupying forces, one has to make a choice; and that there is no other solution, if a change for peace is to be pre-

served, that they return to where they came from. To admit as an established fact that the Great Replacement, ethnic substitution, the change of people and civilisation, is by far the biggest and most urgent problem Western countries have to face, compared to which all the others, serious as they may be, are minor; and that there can be no other way to solve this problem than remigration: those are the two points, and *only* two points, that one has to agree upon to be a member of the National Council of European Resistance. The council itself, of which I am president, is for party leaders, associations' and movements' presidents, leaders of opinion, opinion makers, or independent activists. The support group is called "Partisans of the CNRE" and is open to all patriots, opponants to Global Replacism, adversaries of the colonisation, resistant fighters, dissidents. If people, and notably the readers of this book, were ready to give it their support, both financially and by their physical presence when needed, it could be the converging point of all patriots in Europe, North America and elsewhere—and reverse the course of history.

Glossary

Davocracy (Davocratie). Davos is the ski resort, in Switzerland, where the Great Financiers of the world, bankers, presidents of multinational companies, directors of financial institutions, plain billionaires, congregate once a year to debate over the affairs of the world and their own. Davocracy is their way to manage the "human park" (Sloterdijk), the government by and through the Davos Club.

Direct Davocracy (Davocratie directe). Direct Davocracy is the management of the human park without intermediaries, specially through the neutralization of the political

strata and political personnel. *Macronism is by far a prime example, the epitomy of Direct Davocracy.*

Falseal (Faussel). Inverted real, false or fakee reality (possible alternatives: *falseal* or *fakreal*). Media invention of a forged world achieved by suppression and creation from the real one. *Doing as if Great Replacement was not happening, pretending it is not, is the essence of falseal.*

Global Replacism (Remplacisme global). The whole body of measures, mechanisms, ideals and interests which promote and impose substitution of everything everywhere for the sake of general interchangeability and profit. *Equality and antiracism are the best allies of Global Replacism.*

Great Replacement (*Grand Remplacement*). The change of people and civilization, via mass migration.

Industries of hebetude (Industries de l'hébétude). All the institutions which concur to the permanent creation of Falseal and general acceptance of the Great Replacement

and global replacism. The Industries of hebetude comprise three main branches: the educational system, which provides the teaching of oblivion; the mass imbecilization complex (media, television, show business, muzak); and drugs. Teaching of oblivion and mass imbecilization are still mainly run by replacists, while the drug trading and retail sub-branch is already controlled by replacers themselves (thereby providing its fair contribution to the general fund for conquest and replacement).

In-nocence (In-nocence) is a way of spelling the word *innocence* to emphasize the fact that it is the negative counterpart or removal of *nocence* and that *nocence* come first in the sequence. *Innocence* is what is usually lost through experience; *in-nocence* is what is sometimes gained from experience. Innocence is a regret, in-nocence is an aspiration, an ideal.

Little Replacement (Petit Remplacement). Change of culture and referent social class for culture. Replacement of "highbrow" culture by popular culture, show-business, entertainment, management and filling-in of leisure

time. *Little Replacement is never so glaring as when a pop culture star happens to pass away.*

Nocence (Nocence). Nocence is that to which innocence or in-nocence is contrary. *Nocence* is the fact to cause damage, to do harm (from the latin *nocere*), either to nature, culture, the earth, air, beauty, goods, persons. It goes from putting one's feet on the seats of suburban trains to mass terrorism. *"Nocence, instrument of the Grand Replacement"* (a speech given by the author in Paris, 2010, and which costed him many an apparition in Courts).

Replacees (Remplacés). Indigenous people of any given country, when their territory is being invaded, occupied, colonized, and they are replaced by replacers in the process.

Replacers (Remplaçants). Migrants, immigrants, so-called "refugees", invaders, colonialist settlers, occupants.

Replacism (Remplacisme. Ideological and economic system bound to impose 1/ *the Great Replacement*, the change of people and civilisation (especially in France, and Europe)

2/ *global replacism*, the universal taylorist paradigm for substitution.

Replacists (Remplacistes). Active or passive agents, promoters and advocates of the Great Replacement and global replacism. *Replacists replace sheep by wolves—they will be eaten first.*

Undifferentiated Human Matter (UHM) (Matière Humaine Indifférenciée (MHI)). Man (and woman) such as industrially treated by global replacism, egalitarianism, antiracism. No races, no sexes, no cultures, no nationalities, no origins, no discrimination and no defining borders either, in short a general reversion of history and evolution of human society to what biologists call "the Primeval Soup".

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wwww.renaud-camus.net

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* *Le Portrait de Mme L.*, 50 photographies, grand format, édition reliée, une photographie par double page, papier spécial —Chez l'auteur, 2017

* *En Lomagne*, 75 photographies, grand format, édition reliée, une photographie par double page, papier spécial —Chez l'auteur, 2017

* *Châteaux*, 75 photographies, grand format, édition reliée, une photographie par double page, papier spécial —Chez l'auteur, 2017

* *Paysages préposthumes*, 75 photographies, grand format, édition reliée, une photographie par double page, papier spécial —Chez l'auteur, 2017

* *Château de Plieux*, 75 photographies, grand format, édition reliée, une photographie par double page, papier spécial —Chez l'auteur, 2017

* *Plieux*, 75 photographies, grand format, édition reliée, une photographie par double page, papier spécial —Chez l'auteur, 2017

* *Autoportraits*, 75 photographies, grand format, édition reliée, une photographie par double page, papier spécial —Chez l'auteur, 2018

* *Le Jour ni l'Heure, 2017*, 75 photographies, papier luxe, exemplaires numérotés, signés et reliés, Chez l'auteur (2019)

Tweets

* *Entre vivre ensemble, il faut choisir*, Tweets 2013-2016, Chez l'auteur (2016)

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Site Internet de Renaud Camus
www.renaud-camus.net
journal en ligne, livres et textes en ligne (dont l'hypertexte Vaisseaux brûlés), chronologie quotidienne Le Jour ni l'Heure (illustrée de nombreuses photographies), index général, biographie, bibliographie, librairie en ligne, galerie de peinture, articles, entretiens, textes critiques, documents sur le château de Plieux, documents relatifs à "l'affaire Camus", etc.

Galerie photographique de Renaud Camus
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Société des lecteurs de Renaud Camus
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Parti de l'In-nocence
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Conseil National de la Résistance Européenne
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Written directly in English, *You Will Not Replace Us!* is an attempt at summing up in a short book, for the English-speaking and international public, such works as *Le Grand Remplacement* (*The Great Replacement*), *Le Petit Remplacement* (*The Little Replacement*), *Du sens* (*On Meaning*), *La Seconde Carrière d'Adolf Hitler* (*Adolf Hitler's Second Career*), etc. It is an introduction to the reflection of Renaud Camus, the French writer and dissident who has popularized such concepts as *great replacement*, *nocence* or *davocracy*. About these notions and others, the book in its last pages offers a short glossary.

Renaud Camus is president of the National Council of European Resistance (*Conseil National de la Résistance Européenne*).

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